

Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 8, 1986 \$2.25

BIG, BAD BEARS

Walter Payton
And Friends Keep
Winning... Even
Without Jim McMahon



feet expect them to be. Besides, a properly designed interior lets you drive with less fatigue. Which helps you to drive with more care.

► **A CHOICE OF MUSTANG ESCAPE ROUTES.** In addition to the Mustang LX 2-Door Hatchback shown here, you can choose from the LX 2-Door Sedan, or the LX convertible. All are available with port fuel injected 2.3L or 5.0L HO engines.

Then, for those who have even more highly developed escape instincts, there's the Mustang GT. With a 5-liter V-8, 5-speed transmission and other specifics devoted to the pure pleasure of driving. We've given the GT its own distinctive appearance, inside and out. And it's available in 2-door hatchback and convertible models.

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► **ONLY FROM FORD: 3-YEAR UNLIMITED MILEAGE POWERTRAIN WARRANTY.** Ford's powertrain warranty covers you for three years with unlimited mileage. It's a combination unmatched by any other American manufacturer. Ford's warranty covers major powertrain components on all 1987

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WE JUST DESIGNED A NEW ROUTE. FORD MUSTANG.

► **FORD. BEST-BUILT AMERICAN CARS... SIX YEARS RUNNING.** "Quality is Job 1!" In fact, for the past six consecutive years, Ford quality has led all other American car companies. This is based on an average of owner-reported problems in the first three months of service on '86 models, and in a six month period on '81-'85 models designed and built in North America.

Have you driven a Ford...lately?



FORD MUSTANG LX



Engine Type:	2.3L EFI OHC 4-cyl engine
Power:	90 hp @ 3800 rpm*
Torque:	130 lbs.-ft. @ 2800 rpm*
Facts and Figures:	2-dr. sedan, hatchback and convertible models. 4 passenger seating.
Notable Standard Equipment:	EEC-IV computerized engine controls, 5-speed manual over-drive transmission, power rack-and-pinion steering, power brakes, dual remote control mirrors, electronic AM/FM stereo radio, console.
2.3L Special Value Package:	Equip your new Mustang LX with the 2.3L engine and get power locks, AM/FM stereo w/cassette, speed control and styled road wheels at no extra charge.

FORD MUSTANG GT



Engine Type:	5.0L EFI HO V-8 engine
Power:	225 hp @ 4000 rpm*
Torque:	300 lbs.-ft. @ 3200 rpm*
Suspension and Tires:	15" x 7" cast aluminum wheels, P225/VR6015 tires, variable rate springs, gas struts and shocks, Quadra-Shock rear suspension.
Facts and Figures:	2-dr. hatchback and convertible models.
Notable Standard Equipment:	5.0L EFI HO 8-cylinder engine, EEC-IV computerized engine control, 5-speed manual over-drive transmission, dual exhaust, air dam w/fog lamps, power rack-and-pinion steering, power brakes, tinted glass, electronic AM/FM stereo radio, tilt steering wheel, interval windshield wipers, articulated sport seats w/power lumbar support.

Buckle up— Together we can save lives.

*Based on SAE Standard J1349.

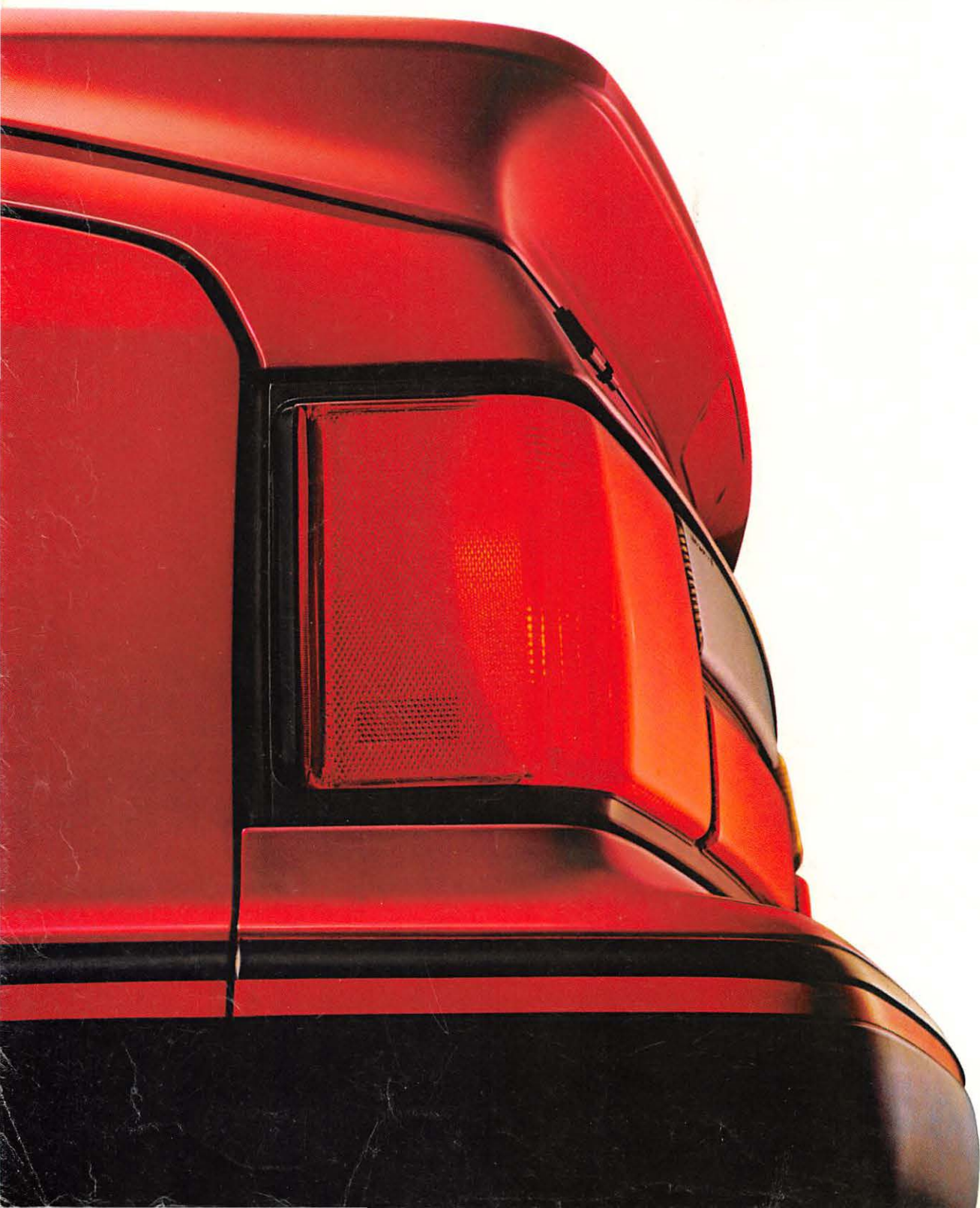
From the beginning, the highly successful Ford Mustang was designed as an escape machine. Our aim wasn't to make this new Mustang a different kind of car, but simply a better one.

► **A SLEEKER, MORE SOPHISTICATED MUSTANG.** All the Mustang's external design refinements were, in a sense, shaped by the wind to make the car quieter and more stable on the road. That's the reason behind the aerodynamic headlamps and the flush-fitted rear quarter windows. The smooth wraparound bumpers, well integrated into the body, are also factors in managing the flow of air around the car. Behind the new Mustang's sophisticated appearance are many such thoughtful design details.

► **AN INTERIOR DESIGNED FOR FUNCTION.** Mustang has always been known for rewarding the driver. So it's not surprising that we paid special attention to the driver in redesigning the interior. There are side window demisters, for example. Instrument panel dials are big, round and business-like. And we designed the controls so that they're right where your hands and

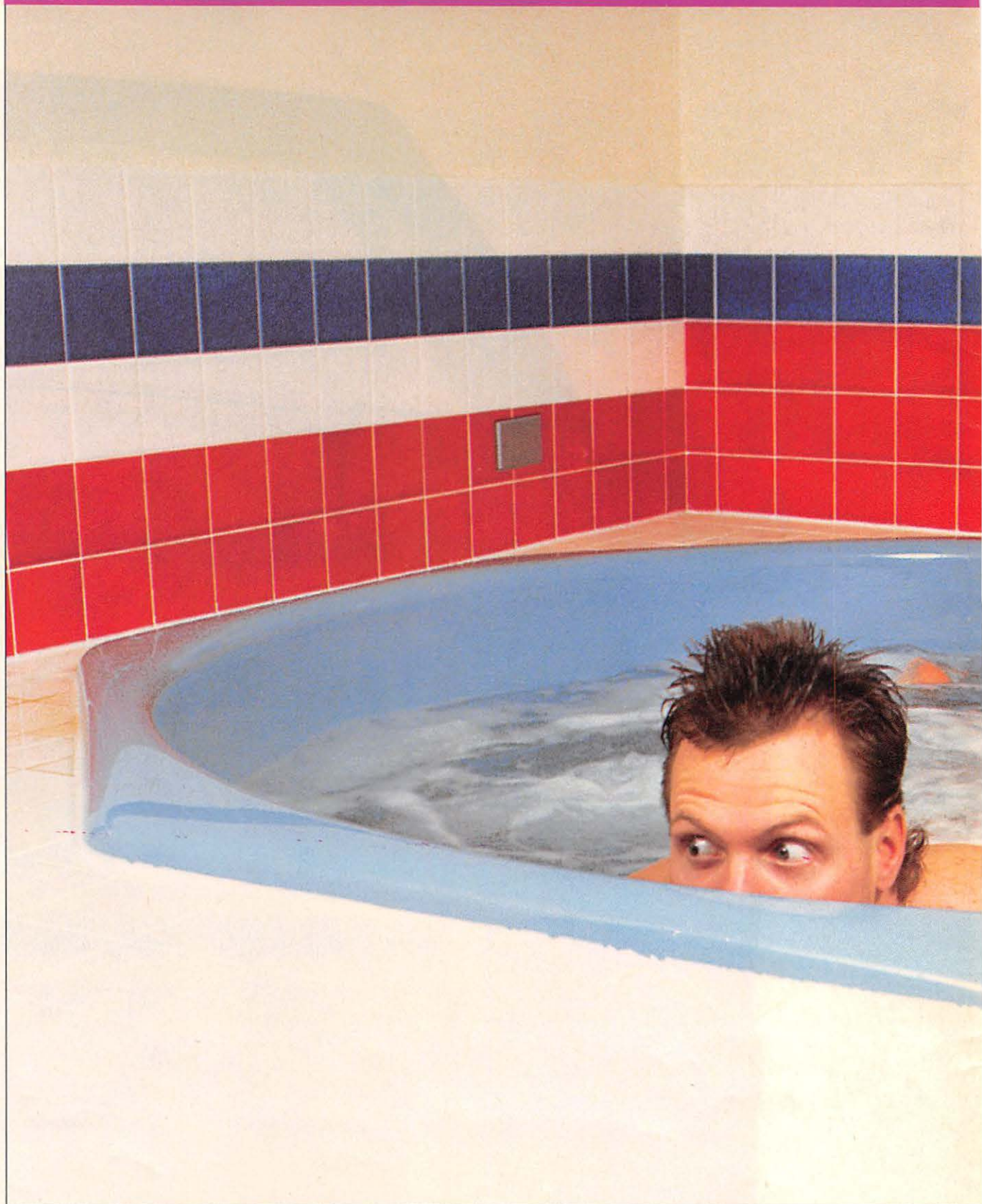


ESCAPE.





LEADING OFF



Things haven't gone swimmingly for Jim McMahon this year; a shoulder injury has forced the Bears' madcap quarterback off the field and into the whirlpool.

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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

In this issue we unveil a new feature, a weekly section devoted to college basketball presided over by senior writer Curry Kirkpatrick. The space will provide a forum for the provocative insights and vivid writing style of Kirkpatrick, a fountainhead of same for SI since 1965.

In the pursuit of other hoops-related duties over the years, the 43-year-old

as willingly and uncomplainingly as a werewolf in mid-metamorphosis.

"It has been an ongoing, painful experience," he says. Others shared his pain. Over one two-day stretch, Kirkpatrick spent 12 hours on the phone with various New York-based Time Inc. computer people; afterward he gratefully sent flowers to several of them. In another marathon session, Kirkpatrick made seven calls to one of SI's resident specialists, system editor Mort Young. "He was so persistent, it showed me what a great reporter he is," says Young. Among the myriad pressing matters that Kirkpatrick needed to have clarified: "Can someone please tell me the difference between a disk and a diskette?"

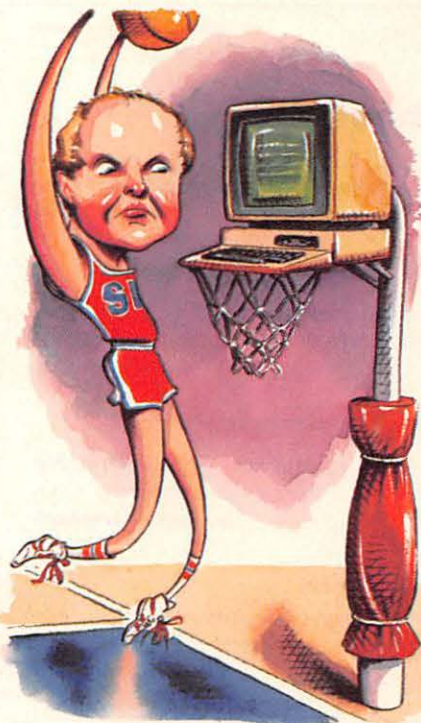
The cold and suspicious regard in which Kirkpatrick holds computers may stem from his having had 3½ stories gobbled by them in the last six months. At work in his home office recently, too much of his hardware was humming at once; a fuse blew, plunging the Kirkpatrick household into darkness. After the installation of "something unpronounceable," the Kirkpatrick's phones went on the fritz. The entire house had to be rewired. "Sometimes I want to crush them," says Kirkpatrick of his gleaming new possessions.

He admits they aren't all bad. His PC has a green terminal display, "the same color as the uniforms of the Cleveland State Vikings, my new favorite team." (After the Vikings stunned St. Joe's and Indiana in the NCAA tournament last spring, Kirkpatrick wrote, "Was Cinderella actually from kuh ... kuh ... kuh ... Cleveland?")

"With every assignment we give Curry," says Papanek, "he gets just as excited as he did the first time he saw Bill (the Hill) McGill." That was in 1965. Twenty-one seasons later, Kirkpatrick remains crazed about the game—if not all the shiny new equipment with which he must chronicle it.

Flip to page 60 and check out how he has made his peace with the PC.

Donald J. Barr



FUTURE SHOCK: KIRKPATRICK MEETS THE PC

Kirkpatrick has trekked to such exotic locales as Hawaii, Africa, Nova Scotia "and Lincoln, Nebraska." But what might be his most taxing journey—"Curry Goes To Computerland," as senior editor John Papanek puts it—was taken this year. To write the new section from his Hilton Head Island, S.C., home, Kirkpatrick was obliged to acquire a modest arsenal of hardware: a PC, a modem and a printer, with all their software, in addition to two portable computers. Then he needed to take a crash course in how to use it all. A self-described "quill and parchment man from way back," Kirkpatrick made the switch from typewriter to terminal

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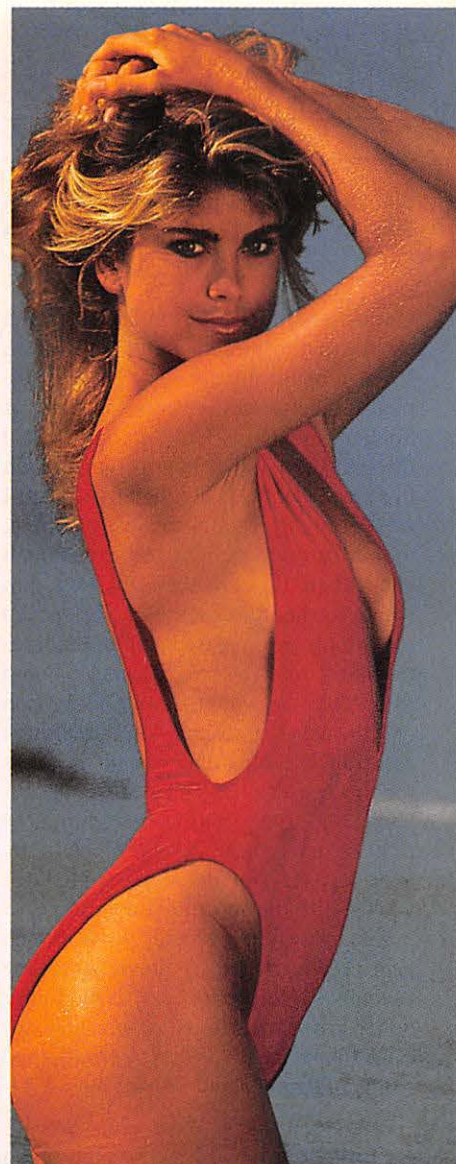
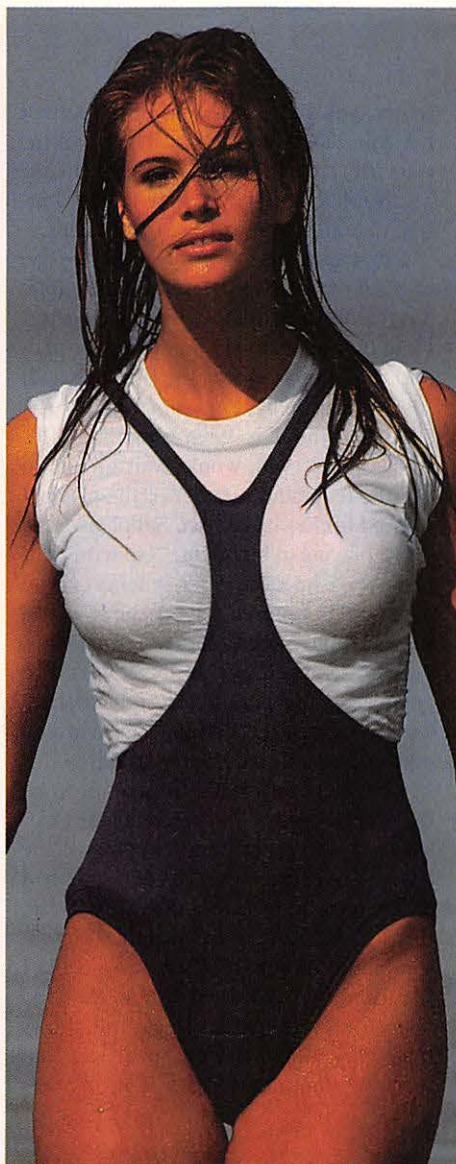


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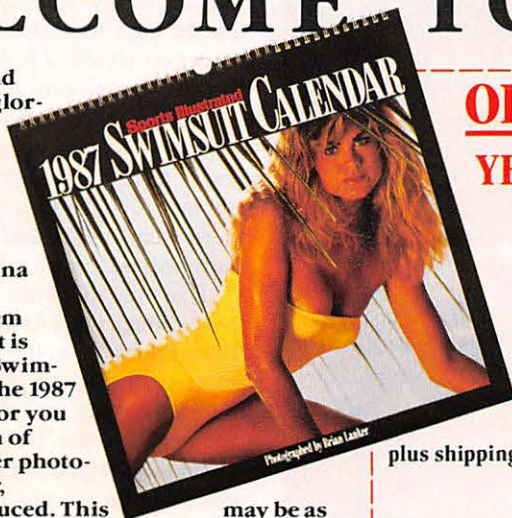
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First Person

by WILLIAM TAAFFE

SI'S TV CRITIC DISCOVERS WHAT LIFE IS LIKE AT THE BACK END OF A CAMERA

One afternoon last season I was given a chance to direct a camera for NFL Films. It was a big game, too—the NFC championship between the Bears and Rams at Soldier Field in Chicago. I walked through the parking lots to the stadium like any other fan, but when I got there I went straight upstairs to a video booth, took a position behind the cameraman and, when the game began, told him whom to shoot on each play. He obeyed me, which gave me a feeling of omnipotence. I would yell out, “Bears, 55!” and as ordered, he would shoot Otis Wilson of Chicago. Let me tell you, directing a camera for NFL Films can do wonders for the ego. You feel like Steven Spielberg. But that’s only when things go right. When they go wrong, which in my case was most of the time—well, then you feel like the amateur you are.

I leaped at the chance to work the game when invited by Steve Sabol, the executive vice-president of NFL Films. Sabol is the man most responsible for NFL Films’ creative view of pro football reality. That he should invite me—a TV

writer, yes, but just an ordinary football fan who barely knows how to use an Instamatic camera—was beyond reckoning. But I accepted on the spot and promised to bone up on the Bears and Rams.

Sabol assigned me to the iso unit—one of eight cameras to be used on the game, but the only one that required a director. I had butterflies in my innards, but Sabol told me to relax. I was the boss, he said. Before each play, my cameraman, Art Spieller, who has been shooting NFL games since 1948, would wait for me to call the team and number of the player I wanted him to isolate on. Sabol gave me seven players to highlight. “Go with your instincts,” he said, “but whenever you feel as if things aren’t going the way you want, just go back to these original guys. Think of yourself as Tom Landry. You’ve got to call the play before the quarterback goes into the huddle. There are 80 plays a game. Be a decision maker.”

I knew that even if I turned out to be the worst director in the annals of cinematography, NFL Films would still be covered by the other cameras. But I didn’t want to let Sabol down. After all, this was for real, and it wasn’t a preseason game. I knew that whatever shots I got from the iso unit would have a good chance of winding up in several shows that NFL Films would produce that week—*Inside the NFL* on HBO, *This Is*

the NFL for commercial syndication and *The Road to the Super Bowl* on a number of NBC affiliates. The idea of having some of my shots shown on the tube, even for a few seconds, was exhilarating. Surely I could hit on a dozen or so. But Sabol said four shots—a 5% ratio—would earn me an A. Three might be a B and two a C, depending on the quality. One or none, and I’d best start taking piano lessons.

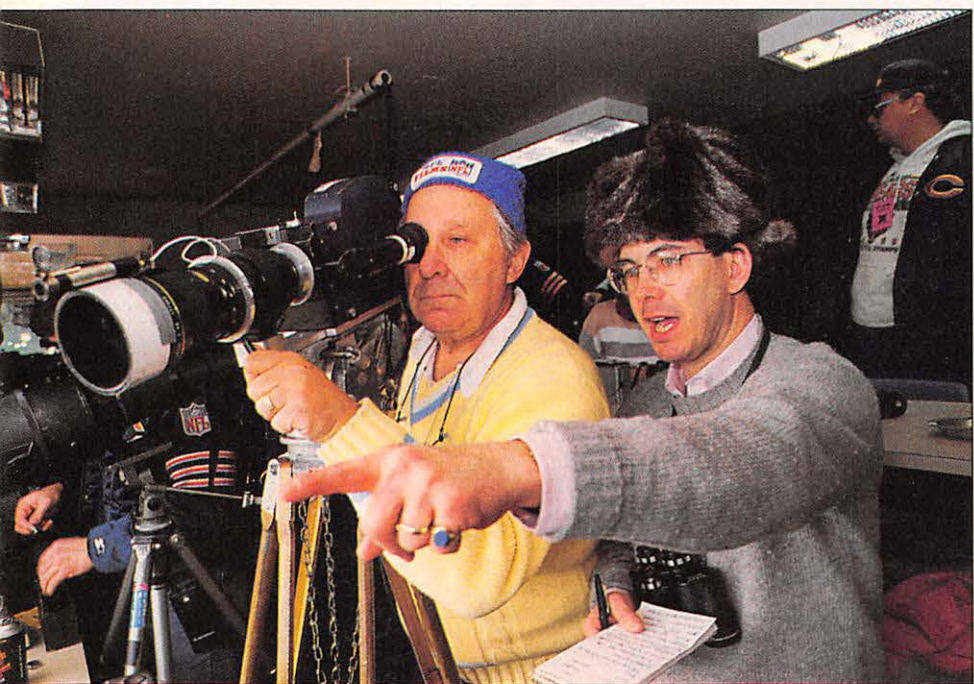
I arrived at Soldier Field three hours before game time to avoid the crowd. I felt as though I were on a mission. I brought exotic Arctic gear—a friend of mine lent me his electric socks with AA batteries in them—but the temperature at kickoff was 39°, which is balmy for Chicago. Spieller was already there, polishing his lenses. I stood by, feeling uncomfortable, trying to act like a veteran director. I studied my depth charts and gazed through my 17-year-old binoculars at players limbering up on the artificial turf below.

“Ready to go, Coach?” It was Spieller, 14 minutes before the opening kickoff. I began to rub my hands in anticipation, the way George Allen used to do on the sidelines. It was as though the video booth had become a stage.

After that initial feeling of omnipotence, the thing that hits you about calling isolates is how difficult it is. Sabol was right. Except for a few bull’s-eyes, I always felt frustrated. I called, “Rams, 21!” and Spieller shot strong safety Nolan Cromwell. But Cromwell was covering an empty zone as Jim McMahon passed for a touchdown. I gradually got down on myself. I had Mike Singletary isolated on one play and he did nothing. Then I switched to Gary Fencik on the next play and he was out of it while Singletary made the big hit. I missed five or six in a row like that. “Get with it, you need a big one,” I told myself. Then the next play was on me in a flash.

That was the worst part—you never have enough time. At home in your living room it looks easy. But when you have to make each call, the plays seem to come on an assembly line. The belt is always running, and the tendency is to think about the play you just missed. Your concentration goes, and pretty soon plays start falling off the end of the belt. I can remember Spieller, half turning around, imploring me to make the call. I didn’t choke, exactly. It was more like brain

continued



Cameraman Spieller zeroes in on his target under the direction of Cecil B. DeTaafe.

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FIRST PERSON *continued*

lock. Eight times I gave him a number so late that he couldn't find the player I wanted or had to improvise on his own. Had I been a coach or quarterback, I would have been booed right out of the stadium.

Still, I did get what seemed to be some good shots. In the third quarter I was on fire. I opened with safety Vince Newsome of the Rams crunching Dennis Gentry on the kickoff, and on the very next play I isolated on the Bears' Emory Moorehead as he caught a short pass from McMahon. Spieller was impressed. He turned around and said, "You want to stop now, Coach?" I also got a brutal hit by Wilbur Marshall on the Rams' Henry Ellard later in the quarter, the kind of hit that took your breath away just watching it.

I shouldn't have been so cocky, though. You never can count on being the next Cecil B. DeMille until you look at the film in the cutting room the next day. I drove through a snow squall to Midway Airport, flew to Philadelphia and on Monday morning came to the studios of NFL Films in Mt. Laurel, N.J. I realized instantly that my little show time was over. A producer named Lou Schmidt had my 2,000 feet of film in his viewer. "We burned a lot of film for a very marginal return," he said evenly. It amazed me how protective I became, knowing that he had dictatorial power to file all my work in the trash can.

I watched the footage over Schmidt's shoulder. Sometimes I would gently promote an upcoming shot, which he proceeded to ignore. My mistakes annoyed me. Often the film would be overexposed right before the snap, a telltale sign that I hadn't given Spieller enough time to start shooting. And for some reason I had a fixation on Nolan Cromwell. Whenever I couldn't get it together, I evidently yelled, "Rams, 21!" and Cromwell would appear on film, running defensive patterns by himself. As for my Wilbur Marshall shot, Schmidt shook his head. I couldn't believe he didn't want it. "It probably looked better in person than it did on film," he said.

I was deflated. But not defeated. *Inside the NFL* and *This Is the NFL* were being edited, written, fit to music and voiced-over all within 36 hours, and the six shots Schmidt had saved still had a chance of survival. The final decision would be made by two producers—Dave Plaut, who was in charge of the first half

IT'S TAKING
AMERICA BY STORM
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& THE SILVER BULLET BAND

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of the NFC championship, and Greg Cosell (a nephew of the One and Only), who was in charge of the second half. Little did I know it, but my filmmaking career was about to take a great leap forward—from eclipse to mediocrity.

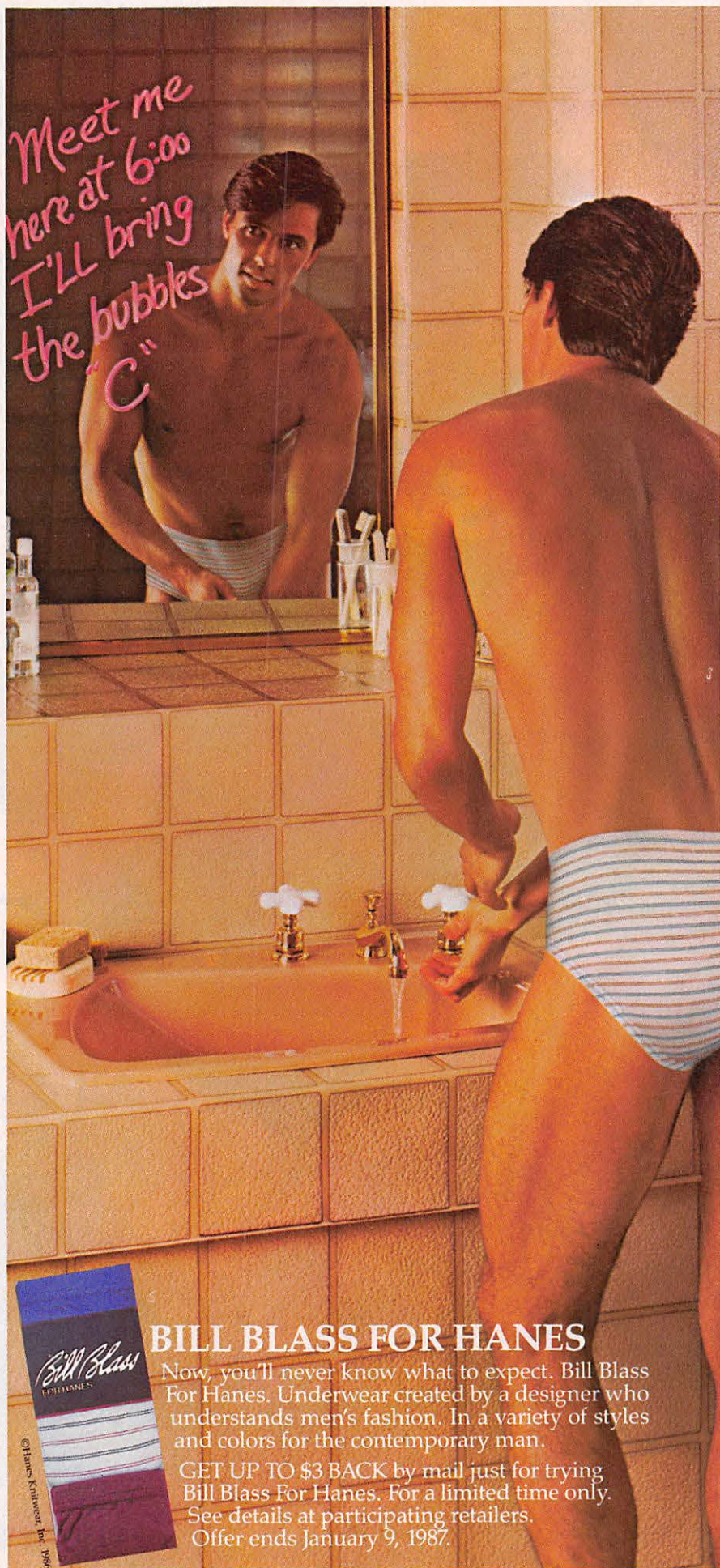
The next morning I was like a new father with twins. During the night Plaut had decided to use two of my three first-half shots. The first was when the Bears' Jim Covert cleared out the left side of the line with a block against Gary Jeter, enabling McMahon to sprint in for a first-quarter touchdown (I was isolating on Jeter). The second was when Jeter dodged Covert and stopped Calvin Thomas in his tracks midway through the second quarter (I stuck with Jeter again). "Two of three shots, .667," Plaut enthused. "Even Ted Williams would be happy with that percentage."

I also kicked one through the uprights with Cosell. He used my shot of a pack of Bear defenders forcing Ram quarterback Dieter Brock into a fourth-quarter fumble that Marshall scooped up and took in for the final score (I was on the Bears' Wilson). None of my hotshot work from the third quarter made it, and only one of my shots was used on *The Road to the Super Bowl*, but what did I care? It was a trip calling those numbers, and with a lucrative career potentially at stake I'm not about to get greedy.

Until recently, I kept videocassettes of *Inside the NFL* and *This Is the NFL* at the ready. My fantasy was to have private screenings of my shots whenever people came over. "Watch closely on this next play," I imagined myself telling them. "Here's where I got so-and-so!" It would have been better than slides from Florida. Plus the music was terrific. They dressed up my shots with all kinds of themes—a bright and cheerful march for the Covert block, sinister music that reminds you of helicopter blades for the Jeter tackle and a suspenseful, building piece for the Bears' big rush. Alas, no one clamored, or even expressed much interest in seeing the films, and in time I felt I had better return them to Sabol, their rightful owner.

Sabol gave me a B. I felt the same way I did when I got a star on my spelling paper in first grade. But I made a lot of rookie mistakes, and as time has passed I've begun to wonder if he wasn't a tad generous. You never know in the film business. Your career could end tomorrow and they'd never tell you.

END



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A close-up, high-contrast photograph of Sylvester Stallone's face and muscular arm. He is looking intensely to the left, with his hands clasped in a boxing stance. His right arm is in the foreground, showing a yellow boxing glove and a black wristband. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the contours of his face and muscles.

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It smells like a man.

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BOOKTALK

by ROBERT W. CREAMER

A NEW BIOGRAPHY OF JOE AND MARILYN IS MORE SOAP OPERA THAN TRAGEDY

Roger Kahn is a fine writer and a meticulous reporter, as readers of such excellent books as *The Boys of Summer* and *Good Enough to Dream* can attest. While he has written mostly about sports, particularly baseball, he has also handled non-sports subjects with skill and intelligence. One of his books, *The Passionate People*, is an impressive sociological study of Jews in America, and a magazine article he wrote some years ago on the poet Robert Frost is a small classic.

Now, in *Joe & Marilyn: A Memory of Love* (William Morrow, \$16.95), Kahn attempts to combine his interest in society as a whole with his knowledge of baseball and the men who play it. He retells the story of Joe DiMaggio and Marilyn Monroe as a sort of pop tragedy of America at midcentury, when their love affair blossomed. DiMaggio was the best baseball player of his time, better than Ted Williams, better than Stan Musial. Monroe was the most glamorous and most publicized movie star of her era, the "love goddess" of the 1950s. Their affair and their subsequent marriage, in January 1954, created a sensation. So did the breakup of the marriage, less than a year later.

There were pronounced differences between the two of them. DiMaggio was reserved, aloof, jealous of his privacy. Monroe was splashy, outgoing, almost always provocatively on display. Both came from modest backgrounds, but Joe grew up in a strong, close-knit, caring family, while Marilyn, who was possibly illegitimate, spent much of her childhood in and out of foster homes. Both were strong-willed, with driving ambitions and minds of their own. After their divorce, Monroe married again. DiMaggio did not, and although the termination of the marriage appeared to be as much his doing as hers, he remained in love with her, at a distance, and after her death was her chief mourner.

Rich material for a book, or a soap opera, and into it Kahn attempts to weave a background from that era: the Depression of the 1930s, Hitler's rise, World

War II, racial and ethnic antagonisms, social and financial imbalances. Sometimes it works. For those unfamiliar with DiMaggio's early unpopularity in New York City (he was booed unmercifully in the late 1930s), Kahn's evocation of the harsh economic atmosphere of the day and how it contributed to DiMaggio's utter defeat in his dispute over salary demands with the adamant Yankee owner Jacob Ruppert is an eye-opener.

More often, though, the historical and sociological matter feels forced, a self-conscious attempt to give depth to an essentially shallow story. Despite Kahn's efforts to make DiMaggio and Monroe modern versions of the star-crossed Romeo and Juliet, they both sound more like echoes of Professor Higgins in *My Fair Lady*. Higgins, you may recall, desired nothing more than to live exactly as he liked and do precisely what he wanted. So too, in marriage, were DiMaggio and Monroe. Such a union between self-centered people was bound to end almost as soon as it began. Tragedy is made of sterner stuff.

To build up the story, Kahn dug deep to unearth details, but only two of his nine long chapters deal directly with Joe and Marilyn together. The other seven are about their separate lives; the longest chapter of all concerns DiMaggio and his first wife, Dorothy Arnold, mother of his only child. Much of the information about the famous love affair is backfence talk, the sly, sometimes unsavory stories that in the 1950s were told in bars and locker rooms rather than in print. As though to justify this approach, Kahn writes: "Simply to dismiss gossip is elitist and, worse than that, blockheaded. No less a figure than Robert Frost once turned to me during an afternoon of rich and mostly abstract talk at his cabin in Ripton, Vt., and asked if I liked gossip. He bore in with a look that said he expected to hear the truth. 'Yes,' I answered, wondering about his response. 'So do I,' Frost said, 'but most people have a hard time admitting it.'"

Gossip, according to the dictionary, is a rumor or report of an intimate nature. Kahn's book is basically gossip. If you're curious about what Monroe wore under her dress or how DiMaggio was as a lover, this is the book for you. If you're looking for Kahn writing the way he did in *The Boys of Summer* or *Good Enough to Dream*, wait till the next time he comes to bat.

END

'Twas the night before Christmas
and all through the house
not a creature was stirring,



well, maybe just a little stirring.

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EDITED BY CRAIG NEFF

REVERSING FIELD

The NFL has suddenly reversed its field on anabolic steroids. Abandoning its do-nothing approach, the league has decided to put steroids—potentially dangerous drugs used by players to beef themselves up and increase their aggressiveness—in the same category as cocaine and marijuana. Under its collective-bargaining agreement with the NFL Players Association, the NFL has the right to test for drugs once during minicamp and training camp, and the league has announced that starting next summer, testing will be expanded to include steroids. Presumably the league will also press for in-season steroids testing, as it is doing for other drugs.

This tough new antisteroids position is welcome, but the avowed reasons for it are rather suspect. NFL commissioner Pete Rozelle has lately been answering questions on the subject by saying that he is learning about anabolic steroids, creating the impression that their widespread use by NFL players and associated health hazards have only recently been called to his attention. And Joe Browne, the NFL's director of communications, has said the move was made possible by "new testing methodology."

In reality there have been any number of detailed reports over the years on the prevalence of anabolic steroids use. In an SI special report last year, now-retired Tampa Bay guard Steve Courson estimated that 75% of NFL linemen used steroids and that probably 95% had tried them. The health risks of the drugs have also been well documented and include liver and kidney disorders, hypertension, sterility and cancer.

Testing for steroids use in other sports has been conducted for years—accurately and on a fairly large scale. The International Olympic Committee has tested for steroids since the 1976 Montreal Games. Even some civil libertarians accept the idea of testing for performance-enhancing drugs such as steroids. The NFL has cried about the cost of such tests and the shortage of qualified labs, but if the IOC and at least a dozen college football teams could afford the price, presumably so could the NFL. At the least, the league could have used small-scale spot testing during training camps as a deterrent.

In the past the NFL has seemed less interested in the steroids problem than in protecting its image. After the '85 SI story, Browne chortled at the fact that few newspapers had picked up on it. Rozelle's attention appeared to be aroused only after players like Falcon guard Bill Fralic and Raider defensive end Howie Long began speaking out strongly against steroids. It may also be significant that two of the nation's principal insurers of pro and college athletes cited widespread steroids use and a possibly associated increase in injuries as reasons they recently stopped writing new policies against career-ending injuries for football players.

It appears that Rozelle, having sensed which way the winds are blowing, has put up a sail and gone with them.

RUN TO DAYLIGHT

Bears fullback Matt Suhey tells the tall tale of an Alaskan hunting trip he took with teammate Walter Payton. Suhey awoke one evening to find Payton putting on his running shoes. Payton said there was a bear—a real bear—outside the tent.

"You can't outrun a bear," said Suhey.

"I don't have to," said Payton. "All I have to outrun is you."

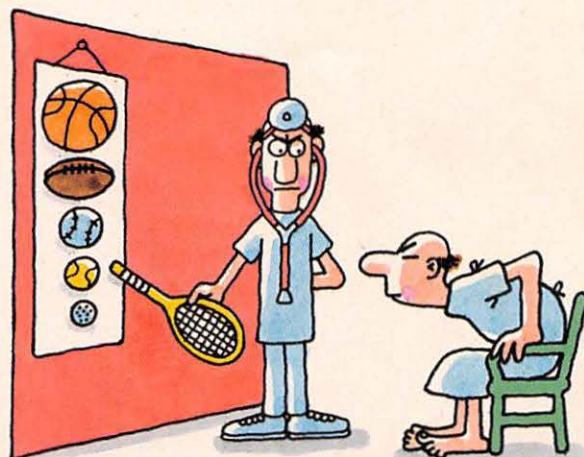
SEEING IS BELIEVING

It's too bad John McEnroe didn't qualify for this week's Nabisco Masters in New York, because the tournament's five umpires have taken one of Mac's long-standing recommendations to heart: They're having their eyes examined. Before the first ball is served the officials will have been fully tested and advised by former tennis-pro-turned-eye-specialist Harvey Ratner of Silver Spring, Md.

Ratner is a self-described "sports-vision fitness trainer" who holds no degree in the field. He picked up his knowledge of eyesight by studying under two optometrists and has been in this business for a couple of years. "I basically move around doing sports-vision seminars and

clinics," he says. "After we do a visual evaluation of a person we have exercises and drills that can help them improve their vision and performance."

Ratner says his on-court training session at the Masters is designed to improve the linesmen's "dynamic vision." He places vertical plastic targets on the court and has each official watch as balls are fired toward the targets. "When the ball passes the target at different angles you can predict where it's going to land," he says. "The official will get used to knowing if he has to turn his brain on for



SAM Q. WEISSMAN

a close call, or if it's just going to be a routine call."

Ratner was first retained to work with officials at this year's U.S. Open, where he examined 274 umpires and linesmen. "Overall they were pretty sharp," he says. "Sixty percent met the standard requirement for good visual skills. About thirty-seven percent needed buffing up." As for the bottom 3%, Ratner diplomatically says, "We have not been asked to do any weeding out."

"It's extraordinary that the U.S. Tennis Association never tested a linesperson for depth perception or vision before this year," says Masters tournament director Gene Scott. "Someday perhaps there will be 10 testing grounds around the world for lines officials. Everyone officiating big matches will have been trained and approved." Then, of course, John McEnroe will have nothing to complain about.

continued

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BUCKLE UP FOR SAFETY.

ANYBODY OUT THERE LOSE A GOLF BALL?

Last month we told you about Wally Edwards, a recently deceased Englishman who left a strange fortune of 6,000 golf balls stashed throughout his estate (SCORECARD, Nov. 3). His was a substantial hoard, but it pales in quantity and quality next to the collection of Ted Myers, a retired manufacturers representative living in Marietta, Ga. Myers has 7,000 golf balls sitting around in his house; more remarkably, they are all categorized, and no two of them are alike. Imprinted on the balls are the names of nearly 600 country clubs, and there are hundreds of balls advertising food and automobile companies. Myers figures he has looked at 50,000 golf balls in choosing ones worth

adding to his extraordinary collection.

Your first question was our first question: Why? "I had heart surgery three years ago and I'm supposed to take a walk regularly," Myers explained with the patience of a man who would, well, collect 7,000 golf balls. "And I live on a golf course, so I just started picking the stupid things up. I figured I'd collect about 200, and it'd take three or four years. But you know how these things go." Myers now regularly trades with other golf ball addicts in the area and recently made a trip to Florida to swap 30 dozen of his duplicates. He also plays the game. "I tee it up twice a week," he said. "I haven't bought a ball in years."



Myers "just started picking the stupid things up," and now he has 7,000 of them in his house.

MIAMI MIX-UP

The University of Miami created a task force on athletics earlier this fall after a large number of players on the school's No. 1-ranked football team had been linked to campus rule violations or criminal incidents. Last Wednesday the task force returned with a positive-sounding report that included 19 recommendations for improving the way Hurricane football players are supervised in their dorms, academically tutored, handled by campus police and presented to the media. The report noted that task force members were "generally pleased with the overall achievement of the student-athletes" and had found "no pattern of lawlessness or misconduct."

However, even as Miami president

Edward T. Foote II was assuring a Wednesday press conference that "there have been no reported incidents the last couple of months," two more Hurricane football players were facing possible legal trouble. Two days earlier, star receiver Michael Irvin had allegedly run over the toes of two Miami students with his car following a confrontation with them, and reserve tight end Brian Smith was a suspect in the burglary of a campus apartment. Neither Irvin nor Smith was formally charged, although that possibility remains. Within hours after Foote had said there had been no reported incidents involving Hurricane football players, Smith was dismissed from the team by coach Jimmy Johnson for undisclosed disciplinary reasons.

SCALPEL, KRAZY GLUE, GORE-TEX, ...

The Food and Drug Administration has just awarded a grant to BioNexus Inc. of Raleigh, N.C., to develop butyl cyanoacrylates—substances used in super glues—for use in surgical experiments at Duke University. The adhesives have been used in the past for on-the-spot treatment of open wounds and may someday replace stitching in delicate eye surgery. The Pentagon is interested and, for obvious reasons, the sports world should be, too. The athletic trainer's kit of the '90s may well include a supply of Krazy Glue.

Another new FDA-approved procedure should benefit athletes: the use of synthetic fibers to replace damaged knee ligaments in "salvage operation" surgery. Many of these artificial ligaments are made of Gore-Tex, the same tough material used in ski clothing. The procedure has been done experimentally for several years, and approximately 1,000 Americans are walking around—or competing—on partially synthetic knees. "We don't know how many more would be eligible for the salvage operation," says Dr. Nirmal Mishra, who heads the FDA's Restorative Device Branch. "But in my estimation the number is sizable." After five more years of analysis, synthetic-ligament surgery could become standard operating procedure. Tests already indicate that, in some cases, athletes who might have been sidelined for a year of rehabilitation after conventional surgery should be able to return to the field in as few as six to eight weeks. Mishra says studies show an 85% success rate during the first two years after synthetic-ligament implantation. Former World Cup skier Cindy Nelson, who had a Gore-Tex ligament installed in her damaged right knee 2½ years ago, says, "I was back on the slopes in four months and I'm still 100 percent, doing everything I did before. I'd like to have one in my other knee. I think it's a real gem for medicine."

THEY SAID IT

● Magic Johnson, marveling over how well he and Laker teammate James Worthy work together on the court: "It's almost like we have ESPN."

● Glen Hanlon, Detroit Red Wings goalie, who has a dog, a cat and a horse but no children: "We went the animal route. It costs more to feed them but not as much to educate them."

END

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Sports Illustrated

DECEMBER 8, 1986

Winning Ugly But Still Winning

Chicago beat Pittsburgh, but as in many 1986 games, the champions—now minus Jim McMahon—had to struggle

by E.M. SWIFT





CONTINUED

The fun, like the loudmouthed quarterback, is gone, out for the season. The Fridge is overloaded, weighed down by a gutful of groceries, his future as a running back temporarily on ice. Danimal ain't talking, Buddy Ryan's in Philadelphia, and the offense is sputtering along 119 points behind last year's pace despite one of the easiest schedules in the league. A remake of the *Super Bowl Shuffle*, anyone? Forget it. There isn't a stage in Chicago big enough to hold 10



Tobin has succeeded Ryan quite ably.

of these egos—and their agents—all at one time.

Nope, that refreshing cast of characters and misfits, the 1985 Chicago Bears, is part of football history now, and the 1986 act has grown old before its time. You want backbiting? Infighting? Plain ol' ornery bitchiness? Ladies and gentlemen, introducing the world champion Chicago Bears, they of the most heartily

disparaged 11-2 record in memory. "I don't think they're as mentally tough as they were," says Detroit Lions wide receiver Leonard Thompson. "They've had chances to put people away and they haven't. They're not in the same sync. Some guys are still thinking about endorsements."

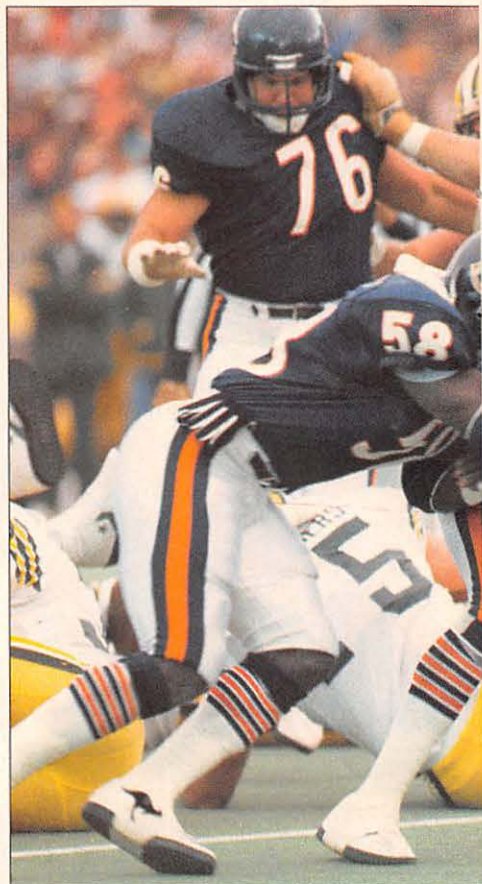
Last year's Bears did not merely beat quality opponents; they demolished them. Washington: 45-10. Dallas: 44-0. New England: 46-10, the most lopsided Super Bowl game in that extravaganza's long history of routs. This season, despite facing only four teams that have better than .500 records, the Bears haven't overwhelmed anything but the airwaves, barely managing to squeak past such NFC powerhouses as Philadelphia (13-10 in OT), Atlanta (13-10) and Green Bay (12-10) before clinching their third straight NFC Central Division title on Sunday with yet another scintillating, come-from-behind 13-10 overtime victory against the 4-9 Steelers.

"I can't tell you what it is, but some ingredient is missing," says Lions fullback James Jones. "The Bears still have the talent. . . . Maybe they think they can turn it on in the playoffs."

The most obvious ingredient missing is points. In Sunday's game the Bears gained a total of 406 yards, averaged 5.3 yards per play, kept possession of the ball for 39:03, but turned it over three times, kicked just two of five field goal attempts and generally behaved like a team looking for a way to lose.

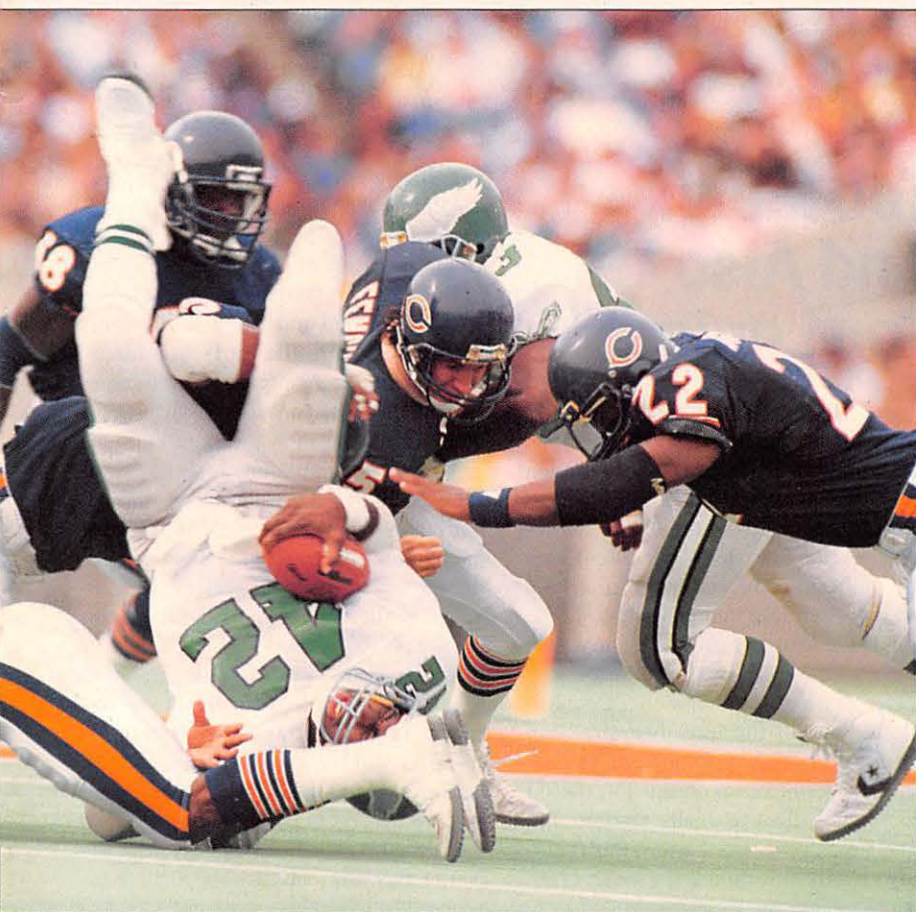
The Bears moved the ball inside the Steeler 25-yard line four times, yet put points on the board only once—the other three drives ending in a Walter Payton fumble, an interception thrown by Mike Tomczak and a muffed field goal try by Kevin Butler, from 28 yards out, that could have won the game with :55 left. It was as much a testimony to the sorry state of their offense as to the swirling winds of Soldier Field that when the Bears won the coin toss in overtime, they chose to kick the ball. "Our defense was playing better than our offense," coach Mike Ditka said succinctly.

The strategy worked. Chicago's defense held, and after a 35-yard Steeler punt, the Bears took over at their own 49. A 27-yard completion from Tomczak to Keith Ortego put the ball on the Pittsburgh 24, and three plays later, Butler, who had missed seven of his last nine at-





BILL SMITH



RONALD C. MODRA

tempts, redeemed himself with a 42-yard game winner.

Seven weeks ago, when the Bears stood 6-0 and had won 24 of their last 25, they seemed ready to waltz back into the Super Bowl in Pasadena. "The Bears have something going for them that I haven't seen since the Packers in the '60s," said one veteran NFC general manager. "It's almost like people concede a loss to them. They hope to get out of the game healthy."

"They manhandle teams," said Minnesota Vikings coach Jerry Burns. "The Bears are as dominating a team as I've seen in the last five, eight years."

Shortly after Burns made that statement, his Vikes laid the Bears' dreams of an undefeated season to rest in Week 7 by thumping them 23-7. Two weeks later the aura of Bear invincibility was again shattered when they suffered a 20-17 Monday night loss to the Rams. Now, with Bears quarterback Jim McMahon out for the season, facing surgery for a torn rotator cuff in his right shoulder, and a passing attack that looks as if it has been planned and carried out by John Poindexter—the Bears have 8 TDs, 20 interceptions, and a 50.7% completion average through the air this season—almost no one outside Chicago thinks that the Bears have the mettle to repeat as Super Bowl champs.

"They're definitely not the same without McMahon," says Tampa Bay linebacker Jeff Davis. "With his cockiness, they look up to him."

McMahon certainly speaks his mind. He has taken potshots this season at everything from Bears president Michael McCaskey's qualifications for running a football team to Ditka's loyalty to his players to Willie Gault's dependability as a receiver. Any forum will do for McMahon: his bestselling autobiography, *Oprah Winfrey*, his weekday radio program on WYTZ-FM. Where was McMahon on Thanksgiving Day? He was on your living room TV set, lower lip curled, shades down, hair greasy and spiked so that he looked horrifyingly like a buttered, uncooked turkey. The act is wearing thin. But there is no doubt that the team plays better with McMahon at the helm. "We don't back the others [quar-

continued

The Packers (above) and the Eagles both were stymied by the Bears' stern defense.

terbacks] up the way we back Jim up," says tight end Emory Moorehead. "Nobody can figure out why."

Chicago has won the last 23 games that McMahon has started at quarterback, a streak that extends back to 1984. Unfortunately for the Bears, they have played 43 games during that span, going 13-7 in their charmless lucky charm's absence. "Everybody thinks we definitely can't win without him," says linebacker Otis Wilson. "So I guess we've got to prove them wrong."

Oh-oh. There it is. The Chip. The single greatest weapon in the Bears' arsenal, a state-of-the-art computer-age device that best characterizes the Ditka Bears. The chip on the shoulder. It is the reason—it, and a world-class defense—not to write the Bears off just yet. A lot of McMahon's teammates are tired of his act, too, and they want to prove they can win the Super Bowl without him. And his coach is not an unqualified fan. "I never thought we were a one-player football team," Ditka said last week. "The media did, and some other coaches did. But we're not. In those two shutouts in last year's playoffs, I could have played quarterback."

You remember how the Chip worked in 1985? Us against Them. Win one for Walter and for Buddy and for the City of Chicago, a perennial four-sport also-ran since 1963. Put an overweight bench-riding defensive tackle in the backfield and have a few laughs, while stuffing it to the league behind the antiestablishment punked-out quarterback with that big, refreshing mouth. Make a music video—that was radical stuff last year—shuffle down to the Super Bowl, and, Pete Rozelle, kindly kiss my headband. The Big Bad Bears! They were a team on a mission, ultimately peaking for the playoffs, in which they outscored their three opponents 91-10. They were the best, and everybody told them so.

The problem with the Chip this year is that it is pretty hard to maintain a credible Us against Them posture when practically everyone on the team is chin-deep in radio shows and endorsement contracts. It's more like: Us and Miracle Whip and Taco Bell and Drexel Burnham Lambert and Mr. Big Paper Towel against Them.

Not only that, but the Big Bad Bears are going hoity-toity, appearing in recent months in such tony mags as *GQ* (Gary

continued



Too Mean And Also Too Lenient

On the day following Thanksgiving, Charles (Too Mean) Martin sat in his Green Bay, Wis., apartment, trying to relax. But as soon as the Packer nose-tackle would flop his 6' 4", 282-pound body into a comfortable position, up would pop another mental replay.

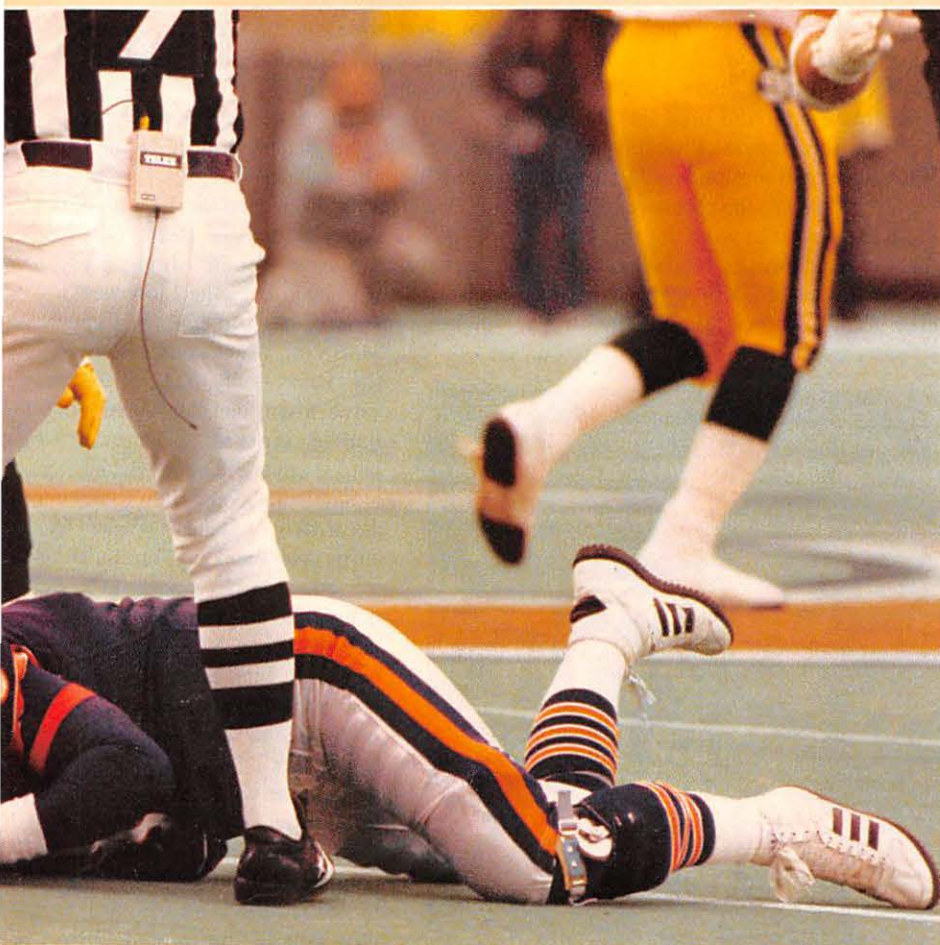
"I can't shut myself out of my own mind," said Martin, who was suspended for two games by commissioner Pete Rozelle for one of the most blatant cheap shots in NFL history. "I pick up the paper, there I am. I turn on the TV, there I am. What I did was really terrible. I'm sorry. I won't ever do it again. But everybody's making me out to be a major crim-

inal, like I should be put in prison."

After Packer cornerback Mark Lee intercepted a Jim McMahon pass in the second quarter of the Nov. 23 game against Chicago, Martin grabbed McMahon from behind and slammed the Bears quarterback into the turf. McMahon, who had missed the previous three games because of a sore throwing (right) shoulder, landed on that shoulder and his back. An examination afterward revealed a tear of the rotator cuff, though McMahon says there is no way to prove that Martin's hit caused the damage. McMahon will undergo surgery on Dec. 16 and miss the rest of the regular season and the playoffs.

Martin's suspension—he appealed it—means he would forfeit two sixteenths of his \$115,000 base salary, or \$14,375. McMahon said Rozelle's suspension was too lenient and should have been for the rest of the season.

McMahon picked up support from the Tampa Bay Bucs. Coach Leeman Ben-



Bad Move: Martin (94) charged McMahon and threw the quarterback to the ground.

Perry in the backfield. The Fridge put the finishing touches on a 23-7 humiliation of the Packers by scoring his first TD.

In that game, after Green Bay's Lynn Dickey threw an interception in the first half, Dan Hampton and Steve McMichael chased the Packer quarterback and gave him a couple of extra shots to the head. In the rematch, won 16-10 by the Bears, there were seven personal fouls overall.

After that game, the Packers took up a new battle cry: When a quarterback throws an interception in practice, a defensive player will shout from the sidelines, "Get the quarterback!"

Martin, who in the Nov. 23 game wore a towel that bore a hit list targeting McMahon, Walter Payton, Dennis Gentry, Willie Gault and Jay Hilgenberg, said that cry ran through his mind. "I had worked myself into a totally irrational state," he said. "In the heat of battle, I lost it. Because of the intensity, I didn't know what I was doing." Of the hit list, he said, "Those were the key guys on the team we had to play well against and maybe take a couple out of the game." But he claims the Packers didn't mean to injure anyone. Instead he said those were players who had to be controlled in order for Green Bay to win.

—JILL LIEBER

nett said it was his "gut feeling" that Martin's suspension should have been longer. Bucs linebacker Scot Brantley said Martin's hit was a "flagrant violation," and he added, "That kind of stuff has got to go in this league."

The 27-year-old Martin, who got his nickname for his aggressive play in high school, came to the Packers in 1984 from Birmingham of the USFL.

Martin is stunned and worried by the McMahon incident. "I've apologized, but it doesn't seem to matter," he said. "I'm a marked man. What I did will turn the players in the league against me."

They call the NFC Central the Black and Blue Division. And the Bears aren't exactly choirboys. Says Mike Singletary, the Bears All-Pro linebacker, "I'm embarrassed by some of the flagrant things we do. We aren't so pure."

Ref Jerry Markbreit unhesitatingly made a big point when he banished Martin.

From day one, Packer-Bear games—the first game was played in 1921—have tended to be slugfests. Last season the rivalry intensified. In the first meeting, a Monday night game on Oct. 21 at Soldier Field, coach Mike Ditka used William



VERNON J. BIEVER

Fencik), *Ebony Man* (Gault) and *Town and Country* (McMahon) for cripes sake. When the hottest restaurant in town (Ditka's) is owned by the coach, the middle linebacker (Mike Singletary) has a book that's a local bestseller, and the star running back (Payton) has his face on a Wheaties box, it no longer seems quite as urgent to win one for anyone or anything but yourself.

"Several players didn't want the joy-

ton, an eight-year veteran and former All-Pro, got so jealous of all the attention showered on Perry and others that he decided to boycott the press in the third week of this season. Probably a good thing, too, or Hampton would have had his feet to the fire the past several weeks. First, McMahon let word out that Hampton, in a team meeting following the Minnesota loss, asked him whether he was ever going to practice again, inciting a

not to comment on the incident, having lost his license for six months in February on the same charges.

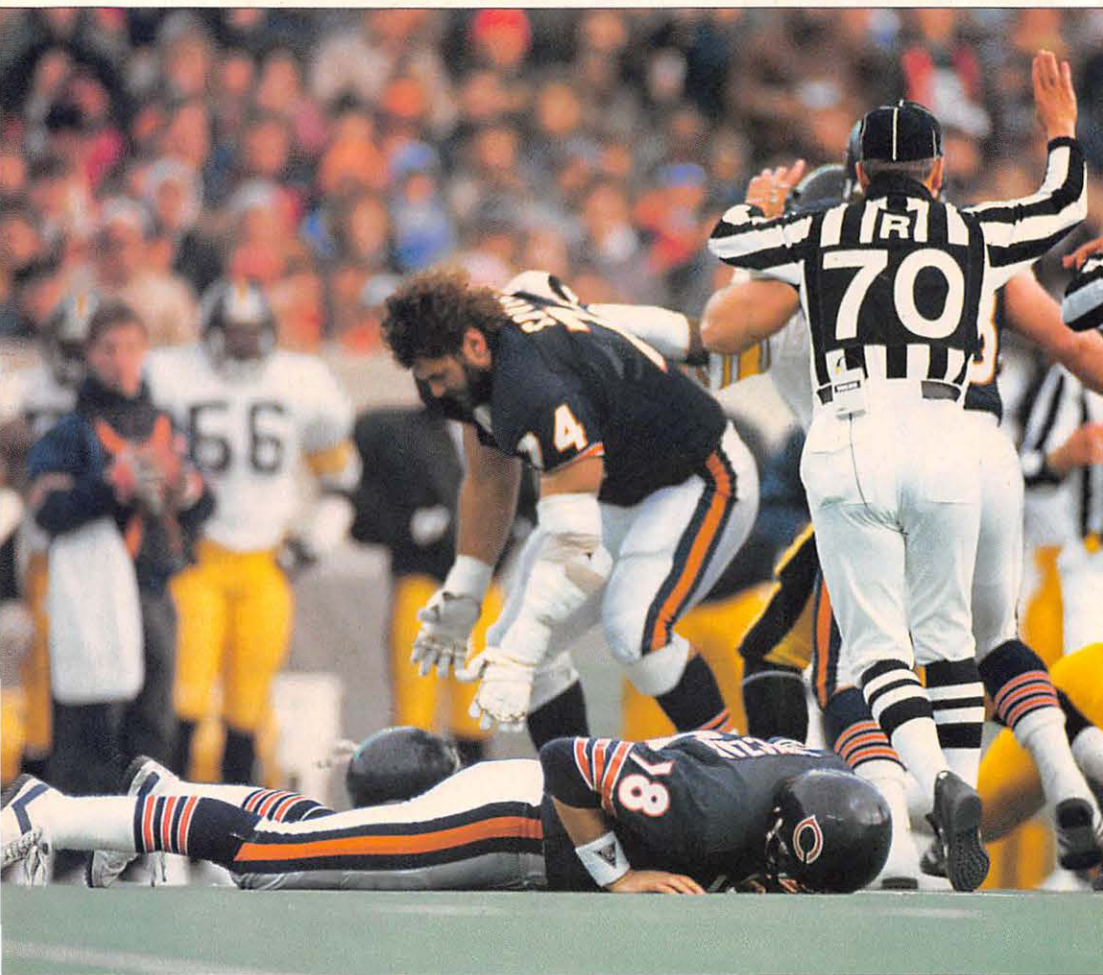
"We've had adversity and controversy before," said Singletary. "But it's always come from the outside."

Singletary's high profile has also sparked jealousy among the Bears' elite linebacking corps. When Singletary missed the 13-7 win over the Lions last month because of a groin pull, Wilber Marshall, who would score the Bears' only TD in the game when his sack forced a fumble, grouched: "The only person anyone sees as a leader is Singletary. Why didn't you ask if they missed my leadership last week? [Marshall missed a practice.] Singletary is just like any other individual out there. We don't depend on him all the time. He's a good player, but everybody has the same amount of leadership."

Even the wives have gotten into the act, specifically Dainese Gault, who, after reading comments about her husband in McMahon's autobiography, labeled the injured QB "that fool" in a recent *SI* article (Nov. 24). McMahon had no reply, for a change, although his agent, Steve Zucker, magnanimously allowed that "wives will be wives." He may have something there. Sources close to the situation speculate that some of the internal grumbling that has distracted the Bears this season has been started by wives wanting to know why so-and-so is doing this commercial instead of hubby.

"For me, coming in new to all this, the distractions were unbelievable at first," says Tobin. "Not just at home, but on the road, where in every hotel there were thousands of people in the lobby. But I think maybe we're getting that Chip back a little bit. I really do. There's more of a singleness of purpose."

It is Tobin's defensive unit that gives the Bears' Super Bowl aspirations credibility. For the third straight year the Bears have the NFL's top-rated defense,



Tomczak, McMahon's replacement at QB, has sometimes taken his place on the deck as well.

ride to end," says the Bears' new defensive coordinator, Vince Tobin.

Payton noticed it, too. "A lot of things we did last year, fun things that were a little out of character, guys don't want to do now because they think they're above that," he said recently. "Once you start thinking like that you put yourself in a position to have a lot of problems."

"The freshness is gone," adds Fencik.

Is it ever. Defensive end Dan Hamp-

ton, an eight-year veteran and former All-Pro, got so jealous of all the attention showered on Perry and others that he decided to boycott the press in the third week of this season. Probably a good thing, too, or Hampton would have had his feet to the fire the past several weeks. First, McMahon let word out that Hampton, in a team meeting following the Minnesota loss, asked him whether he was ever going to practice again, inciting a



The way the Bears' offense has been going, even Payton has suffered some off days.

and they have an excellent chance to break the 1978 Steelers' record for fewest points allowed in a 16-game season, which now stands at 195. With three games remaining (Tampa Bay, Detroit and Dallas), the Bears have allowed only 150 points—11.5 a game—and 3 of the 16 touchdowns they have allowed have been scored against the offense. "We're playing as well as we ever have at this time of the year," says Singletary. "We're beginning to get on that peak tone."

Indeed, in the past six weeks, since the loss to Minnesota, the defense has been on the field for only four touchdowns. The unit has allowed only four rushing TDs all year and nine passing TDs. At the same time, the defense has produced 46 sacks, 25 interceptions, 2 safeties and 2 touchdowns. Seventy-four of the Bears' 264 points have come after the defense forced a turnover inside the opponent's 50-yard line, while the Chicago defense has not yielded a single touchdown in 12 chances after a Bear turnover inside Chicago's own 50. They don't bend; they come after you like you've stolen something from them.

"Both Vince and Buddy are attack-oriented," says Fencik, the veteran free safety who recently has been replaced in the nickel defense by Todd Bell. "But un-

der Buddy's system, tremendous communication was required. You might shift defenses three times before the snap of the ball, depending on which formation they came out in and who went in motion. It was a chess game. Now most of the defenses come in straight from the sideline."

The new Bear defense may not be quite as fun or mysterious as Ryan's, but it is statistically as effective and less vulnerable to the communication snafus that resulted in the occasional long gainer last year. Cincinnati Bengals coach Sam Wyche remembers watching films of the 1985 Bears and seeing "people run free and people being left uncovered. Now this year, I don't see that. Defensively, I think they're an edge better."

They have had to be, because their offense is considerably worse. The Bears just cannot get into the end zone this season. After 40 forays inside the opponents' 20-yard line, they have scored just 13 touchdowns. And if you're looking for a long march, forget it. Only four times all season have the Bears taken the ball from their own 20 (or deeper) and moved it down the field for a TD—most recently in the game-tying fourth-quarter drive against Pittsburgh that covered 96 yards and consumed 7:00.

As for Tomczak, Ditka said, "You guys [the media] keep talking about quar-

terback records. Well, he's 5-0 as a starter. That's not bad."

Neither is 11-2, which happens to be the best regular-season record achieved after 13 games by a defending Super Bowl champion. The funny thing about these Bears—and it is just about the only funny thing about them these days—is that while they're no longer so big and so bad, they do manage to keep winning. Nobody ever said it had to be fun. **END**



Ditka appeared somewhat irked by it all.

BMXing It Up With The Rad Crowd



Bicycle motocrossing has evolved from a mere backyard diversion to a consuming—and pricey—way of life

by FRANZ LIDZ

The little girl called Cheeser in the TEAM GUMBY jersey is talking to a rubber Gumby lashed to the handlebars of her runty, knobby-tired dirt bike. She's standing about halfway on and halfway off the ramp leading to the starting gate at Myriad Convention Center in Oklahoma City.

"Get going!" Cheeser tells Gumby.

"Get rad!" she replies for Gumby.

In bicycle motocross argot, rad means awesome. Cheeser, who's in kindergarten, is one of the 2,500 entrants, ages 3 to 46, who came to the American Bicycle Association's Grandnationals over the Thanksgiving weekend to demonstrate their radical toughness. She says she can ride her BMX real rad.

"How rad?" a guy asks.

"Rad," growls her father.

If your dad wore an I'D RATHER BE KILLING COMMUNISTS T-shirt festooned with buttons expressing allegiance to Harley-Davidson and Rambo, you'd *better* be rad, even in kindergarten. The parents at the Grandnationals were at least as rabidly rad as their kids.

BMXers look like miniature Road Warriors in their goggles, helmets and protective padding. They snake around a loopy, bewildering 1,250-foot track, dipping and bouncing over "camelbacks" (as in double jumps), through "whoop-de-dos" (a series of teeth-rattling corrugations) and up on the "berm" (the banking of 180-degree turns). They're air-



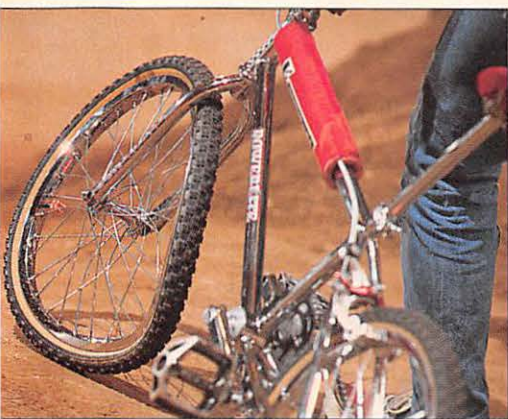
Flyin' Bubba Ryan (top) and an older biker (bottom) gear up for the smash landings that are part of life in BMX's fast lane.







A day at the track brought, for the unlucky, busted bikes and bruised bodies. And, yes, face plants, too.



BMX *continued*

borne maybe half the time, hurtling off into space like the kids in *E.T.* There's a new moto, as the heats are called, every 35 seconds . . . and a crash about every 47 seconds. The weepy victims are trundled to a first aid station and popped back into shape in time for their next moto.

One remarkably resilient BMXer in Myriad was Flyin' Bubba Ryan McQuillan of Wichita. Flyin' Bubba Ryan got into the sport at age four and nearly retired this summer at five. He wiped out at a state meet and suffered a "face plant," which is what BMXers call the act of burying their noses in the dirt. Flyin' Bubba Ryan wound up in the hospital with a broken right arm. "I'm quittin'," he told his father.

But when the McQuillans drove to Oklahoma City the next weekend to watch Flyin' Bubba Ryan's nine-year-old brother, Racin' Jason, Flyin' Bubba had a change of heart. "He cried his eyes out," says his father, James. "So we let him practice with his cast on, but not race." Flyin' Bubba Ryan competed in two events at the Grandnationals, placing seventh in the five-and-under novice class but not qualifying for the finals of the six-and-under open. In all, riders competed in 71 divisions based on age and skill.

The kids in Oklahoma City belonged to the ABA, which sanctions events and provides membership cards, a newsletter and an impressive amount of insurance for an annual fee of \$25. About 150,000 BMXers are members of either the ABA or its chief rival, the National Bicycle League. BMX enthusiasts figure there are five million bikers grinding through the sod and smashing into trees. In fact, about 40% of all bikes sold in this country are BMX. And then come the "Aw, gee, Dad, pleeeze" accessories.

Robbie Ward got hooked a year and a half ago. He has already run through seven bikes that cost his old man more than \$4,000. Walt Ward, who manages a car rental agency in Dallas, also has shelled out for two helmets (\$230), three sets of leathers (\$180), two jerseys (\$80), three pairs of racing shoes (\$90), two sets of goggles (\$50), gloves (\$8), elbow pads (\$20), two sets of lightweight pedals (\$220), cranks (\$150), hubs (\$100) and other replacement and spare parts (\$500). "You've got to remember," he says, "I'm a dad who went overboard."

Walt's investment in his son has

continued

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helped Robbie become the nation's 208th-ranked 13-year-old, according to the latest *American BMXer*, a monthly tabloid that lists every ABA dues-payer who slammed his feet onto a set of bear-trap pedals. Robbie has amassed 60 trophies and 30 medallions. Only the pros pedal for cash in BMX; everyone else rides for glory. And trophies. On a platform abutting the track at Myriad, hundreds of glittering trophies, many taller than the contestants, stood like the graven images on Easter Island.

Trophies are what lured kids to BMX from the start. By most accounts it all began in 1970 with Scott Breithaupt, a Southern California motorcycle racer who had a cellarful of trophies. After watching Breithaupt practicing near his home, kids around Long Beach began imitating his motocross technique on their modified Schwinn Stingrays. One day Breithaupt did what any racer would do: He organized the kids into history's first bicycle motocross. He charged the contestants 50 cents apiece and gave one of his trophies to the winner. Now, practically every town, village and backwater in America has its own sandlot track and neighborhood hotshot.

The raddest and baddest BMXer on nearly everyone's scale is 21-year-old pro Ronnie Anderson. "To me, rad is a guy jumping off a 12-story building into a bucket of water," he offers.

Anderson, who was last year's national champ, has a spikey glint in his eyes, an imperious thrust to his jaw and a patch on his jacket that reads TUF-E-NUF. Believe it. He won 13 of the 29 events he raced on the 1986 ABA pro tour and just missed winning this year's title by an upset in the finals at the Grandnationals. Still, some of the pros with only half his talent and wins have made four times the \$30,000 he says he earned this year in prizes and endorsements.

Anderson may be good, but he's also several degrees beyond rad. His nickname is Crazy Ronnie, though, he says, "I don't like to be called Crazy, because I'm literally not." He is, however, one mean BMXer. He psychs out competitors with false starts, buzzes opponents' back tires, elbows them off turns and checks them into the walls. A typical example: Ander-

Let the pros have their big bucks; the little guys only have eyes for the gilt hardware.

continued



When they're not racing, BMXers are wont to pull off high-flying freestyle tricks.





Termite (above left), C-Bone and their fathers made the scene in an RV, then had a scene after Termite fared poorly.



son was leading in the finals of Friday's pro open until Eddy King swooped inside on the final berm. Anderson cut down hard and rammed King's shoulder, maintaining his own balance while sending King careening out of contention. "I'll do anything and everything to destroy an opponent," Anderson says. "None of the other pros knows how to win."

Crowds boo him, and other pros think he's bad for the sport's clean-cut, family image. "As a rider Ronnie's fantastic," says Harry Leary, a balding, 27-year-old pro who is already in the BMX Hall of Fame. "As a person, he's a jerk."

Anderson doesn't totally disagree. "I've raced bikes for 10 years," he says, "and I drank and took drugs for 10 years. I've done it all: pills, acid, cocaine, crack. . . . About the only thing I haven't done is stick a needle in my arm." But when his girlfriend Tammy moved out of their Pittsburgh apartment with their infant son, Tyler, Anderson decided to straighten up. He claims he has been clean for a month. He wants to marry Tammy. "Now I know drugs are definitely not the thing to do," he says. "I want to be looked up to, by boys and girls."

Even so, parents may not find Crazy Ronnie a suitable role model, and Racey

Tracy Sarver, the six-and-under girls' champ, says the last thing she needs is a male hero. "Besides," she reasons, "I'm faster than any gunky boy."

The ABA claims that 20% of all BMXers are female; still, it is very much a boy's world. The magazine *BMX Action*, founded in 1976, continues to refer to its readers as "dudes." BMX's top female, three-time national champion Cheri Elliott, recently quit the sport because her sponsor, Skyway Recreation, stopped backing her team in order to finance a squad of male freestylers.

The freestyle stunt-bike, a BMX mutation, is the hot bike of the '80s. Freestylers perform medleys of "endoes" (balancing on a single wheel), "pogos" (jumps done while balancing on either the front or back wheel) and "tabletops" (jumps in which the rider becomes parallel to the ground). BMX purists scoff at freestyling as just an exhibitionist fad. Nevertheless, freestyle exhibitions drew big crowds at the Grandnationals.

A gypsy encampment of RVs fanned out around Myriad like an automotive flea market. A couple of divorced fathers and their sons rolled up in a motor home with the words TERMITE, RAD and NO WIMPS splashed on its windows in red, yellow and green paint. "No Wimps" is one of my mottoes," explained six-year-old Termite Clelland. "The other is 'No Fat Chicks.'"

Inside, Termite and his pal C-Bone Trawick played old maid and ate Fritos. Termite was the one with the brown ducktail; C-Bone, the blond rattail. They're neighbors back home in Arlington, Texas, and race together every weekend at a track in Fort Worth.

While most of the other BMX families were having an ABA-organized communal Thanksgiving feed at a Holiday Inn, the boys and their dads carved up a turkey in their motorized bunkhouse. "We made Termite and C-Bone a deal," said Tom Clelland, Termite's dad. "If they qualified for the semis, they could split a Coors Light."

But the victory beer was still on ice after Termite blew his first two motos. "I get off so much watching Termite," said Tom, consoling his sobbing son. "I'm not only his father, I'm his coach and his buddy. Sometimes I feel like I'm out there on the bike with him."

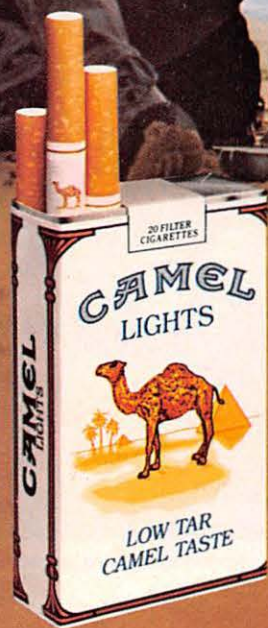
Termite just brushed aside some tears and said, "Get real, Dad."

END

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Gerg won Park City's giant slalom, the first race of the World Cup circuit, for the West German's second victory of her seven-year career.

America's Opening, Almost America's Show

The women's World Cup season began for the first time in the U.S. and with an improved home team

by ANITA VERSCHOTH

It was hailed as "America's Opening" because for the first time in the 20-year history of the World Cup Alpine ski racing circuit, a season was to begin in the U.S. instead of in Europe. Mother Nature didn't cooperate much; there was more tumbleweed than snow on the slopes above Park City, Utah, but the miracle of snow-making technology laid down a two-foot-deep carpet, long enough to hold two World Cup races.

Both events brought a bit of American hope to brighten America's Opening. The U.S. women's team showed more than a glimmer of its old dazzle after its sad season last year. At Park City, Tamara McKinney, not yet 25 after eight full World Cup seasons (she won the overall championship in 1983), came in a strong second in the slalom on Sunday, her best World Cup finish since March 1985. The day before, in the giant slalom, she had led the U.S. team with a respectable seventh-place finish. "I had a lot to prove to myself and others," she said. "Even though I felt good about training this summer, I wasn't sure I would get the old feeling back come race time."

Though there were falls and blowouts

aplenty, the other U.S. skiers also got that old feeling back, at least for a moment or two: In the GS, Debbie Armstrong, 23, the gold medalist at Sarajevo, finished 12th, and three other U.S. women—four—

continued



Her win brought Gerg some souvenirs.

Latest HLDI Report on Highway Safety:

GM CARS RATED BEST 9TH YEAR IN A ROW.

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✓ 2.	Tie Buick Electra	SW	55
✓ 2.		SS	55
✓ 4.	Cadillac Brougham	2D	59
✓ 4.	Tie Oldsmobile Delta 88	4D	59
✓ 4.		SW	59
✓ 7.	Buick LeSabre	4D	60
✓ 8.	Oldsmobile Custom Cruiser	SW	62
✓ 9.	Chevrolet Caprice	SW	63

Source: Highway Loss Data Institute. Body Styles: SW=Station Wagon; SS=Sport Specialty; 2D=Coupe; 4D=Sedan. Excludes Passenger Vans. All results are stated in relative frequency of injury claims. A relative injury claim frequency of 100 is average. Relative frequencies of less than 70 are defined by HLDI as "Substantially Better than Average." Some vehicles had overall claim frequencies of 63 or less, but did not meet other IIHS criteria for having the "best injury loss experience." *1984-85 models only.

The Highway Loss Data Institute (HLDI) is a non-profit public service organization associated with the Insurance Institute for Highway Safety. As it has done annually for the past ten years, HLDI has summarized and published its findings on the frequency of automotive insurance claims.

This year, HLDI finds that of the top nine models with "the best" overall injury claim experience, seven are General Motors cars.

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THE PANASONIC LAS VEGAS PRO-AM
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year veteran Eva Twardokens and two bright newcomers, Kristi Terzian, 19, of the C team, and Beth Madsen, 22, of the B team—finished in the top 25.

The winners of the two Park City races were relative unknowns. West Germany's Michaela Gerg, 21, a dainty, blue-eyed charmer from Lenggries, in Bavaria, won the GS. "It is good to win the first race of the year," said the cool Gerg, whose victory was only the second of her World Cup career, "because you can see that you have trained very well." Yes, indeed. On Sunday, McKinney was beaten by .47 of a second in the slalom by Corinne Schmidhauser, 22, of Ostermundigen, Switzerland, who also had won only once before on the World Cup circuit.

Though the American race results were not resounding triumphs, they did indicate that one of the blackest periods in U.S. women's ski racing may now be over. The 1985-86 season was a disaster bordering on a catastrophe, the result of a combination of bad luck on the race courses and bad vibes between coaches and racers.

It began in early January, when Armstrong crashed during downhill training in Badgastein, Austria, and tore the anterior cruciate ligament in her left knee. She was out for the year. Just 10 days later Diann Roffe, 19, the nimble little racer who won the GS at the worlds in Bormio, Italy, in 1985, hit a pole during a GS race in West Germany and slashed her left knee so badly that she, too, was out for almost the entire season.

That left McKinney as the only proven winner on the U.S. team. This was heavy pressure in itself. Even worse was the tough, almost punitive atmosphere that the coaching staff had created around the team. The head coach, Brad Ghent, was a drill-sergeant type who believed in driving his team members through fierce physical conditioning regimens—even after the racing season was underway. McKinney is a delicate soul, easily bruised and quick to notice slights. Her response to the hardfisted ways of Ghent & Co. was to fall into a blue funk that led her into her worst slump ever. Her best finish all season was fifth in a slalom in

Czechoslovakia, her worst a 67th at Waterville Valley, N.H.—a place where she had won an amazing five World Cup races over the years. The other U.S. women seemed to sink into McKinney's abyss. The only American to win a race all season was Pam Fletcher, 23, who grabbed the downhill in Vail in March. The next day Fletcher hooked a tip on a Super-G course at Vail and injured her right ankle so badly she was unable to ski until early summer.

Thus the women's worst season in years came to an end. The demoralized

member of the women's staff from 1980 through 1984, left his job as headmaster of Glacier Creek Academy in Girdwood, Alaska, a school specializing in ski racing, to join the team. By June he and Schoenhaar had transformed the team's oppressive atmosphere into something that was positively sunny by comparison. "My main goal was to let the kids be happy and have fun," said Woods. "I wanted them to enjoy the sport, not look at it as hard work or punishment. I believe in the old adage, 'A pat on the back is better than a kick in the butt.'"

CARL YARBROUGH/TEAM RUSSELL



McKinney's second in the slalom and seventh in the GS fanned America's hopes for the future.

McKinney returned to her family home in Lexington, Ky., ready to quit. "I had no confidence," she says. "I had decided to retire. Then I went running in the hills at home to get rid of the extra debris that was floating around in my head. After a couple of months I realized that I still liked to ski. I decided to stay on."

By that time Harald Schoenhaar, the Alpine program director, came to grips with the mess. "Did I have a headache?" says Schoenhaar. "It was not the finest moment of my life when I realized I had to part ways with six of eight coaches on the women's team. It meant a completely new staff. Who can be sure it works?"

Schoenhaar signed up Chip Woods, 39, as head coach. Woods, a well-liked

Last week McKinney, for one, was optimistic. "We are all so positive," she said of her teammates. "I think I'm happy now." She certainly was after her fine showing in Park City. At the finish line on Sunday she said, "My skis feel so sweet, I want to dance. I haven't been number 2 in so long that I almost forgot how it felt."

America's Opening just might have a double meaning. U.S. women may be embarked on a new trail to success and happiness. As Woods said last week, "We didn't really expect to come out here and win. But the enthusiasm, the punch was there. It's not time to break out the champagne yet, but we sure aren't disappointed."

END





The Eyes Of Texas...

... were much on Fred Akers, who, after winning nearly 75% of his games, was fired as coach

by **ALEXANDER WOLFF**

We're going to do the best we can with what we've got, and if that isn't good enough for 'em, the hell with 'em.

—Fred Akers, before this season

So, then: The hell with 'em. Not that Fred Akers, having come so far with so much dignity, would have said that last Saturday, when the University of Texas made him the first football coach it had ever fired. Akers evinced an admirable serenity through his final days. Oh, the flashing blues of his fabled stare—to hear some tell it, the Akers stare is the only thing the man will leave for the fabulists—had been disarmed somewhat over the course of a season filled with too many injuries, too few wins and unremitting speculation that it would be his last.

But there were no cracks in his public demeanor last week, not even after the Longhorns lost 16-3 to Texas A & M on Thanksgiving Night to end a 5-6 season—no late-night mumblings to the portraits on the walls of the athletic department offices, no imprecations to his offensive coordinator to kneel with him in prayer. No, Akers left the Nixonian excesses to the survivors in the Southwest Conference: to A & M (read: Autos & Money) coach Jackie Sherrill, who cynically stonewalled members of the press when they printed allegations of a slush fund in his program; and to the plumbers at SMU (read: Spurious Methods University), who cheat, get caught and merrily cheat again.

Akers, 48, is not a crook, and by the prevailing, abysmal standards of the SWC, that is remarkable. He is guilty only of what in these parts are considered much less forgivable transgressions: He has won, he has won a lot, and he has won more or less honestly. But he hasn't won while playing the wiseacre, and while whupping A & M and Oklahoma and his annual bowl opponent. In other words, he hasn't won Texas-style or Texas-big.

continued

Before his last game—a 16-3 loss to A & M on Thanksgiving night—Akers was in the spotlight.

Never mind that no other active coach in the conference has won more games, or that Akers' .741 career winning average is the second best in the history of the SWC. "If you'll remember," says Carroll Kelly, one of several prominent Longhorn boosters who worked to oust Akers, "a 70 in school will get you a D or an F."

At Texas they don't grade on a curve. The state constitution mandated the building of "a university of the first class." If something isn't already there on its fetching campus in downtown Austin,

of Honor. Preseason All-America tight end William Harris didn't play for Texas this year—not because he failed to meet NCAA academic minimums, or even SWC minimums (he met both), but because he didn't meet Texas minimums. Texas isn't quite like Cal, where they're trying to build a football team equal to the high academic standards of the university, or like Penn State, where they're trying to build a university equal to the high academic standards of the football team. It is, rather, a place with surpass-

"It's useful to remember that we went through a period in the '60s with three consecutive 6-4 [regular] seasons," continues Wright. "My impression is that there was never any serious talk of getting rid of [coach Darrell] Royal. The difference in the personalities of the two coaches and the circumstances under which Fred was hired have a lot to do with our being less tolerant."

That difference and those circumstances are stuff that panders to prime-time television's stereotype of Texas. Money, power, politics and jealousy all figure. So does history, no small factor in a state that was once an independent nation. Among those living and dead who are players in the Akers affair:

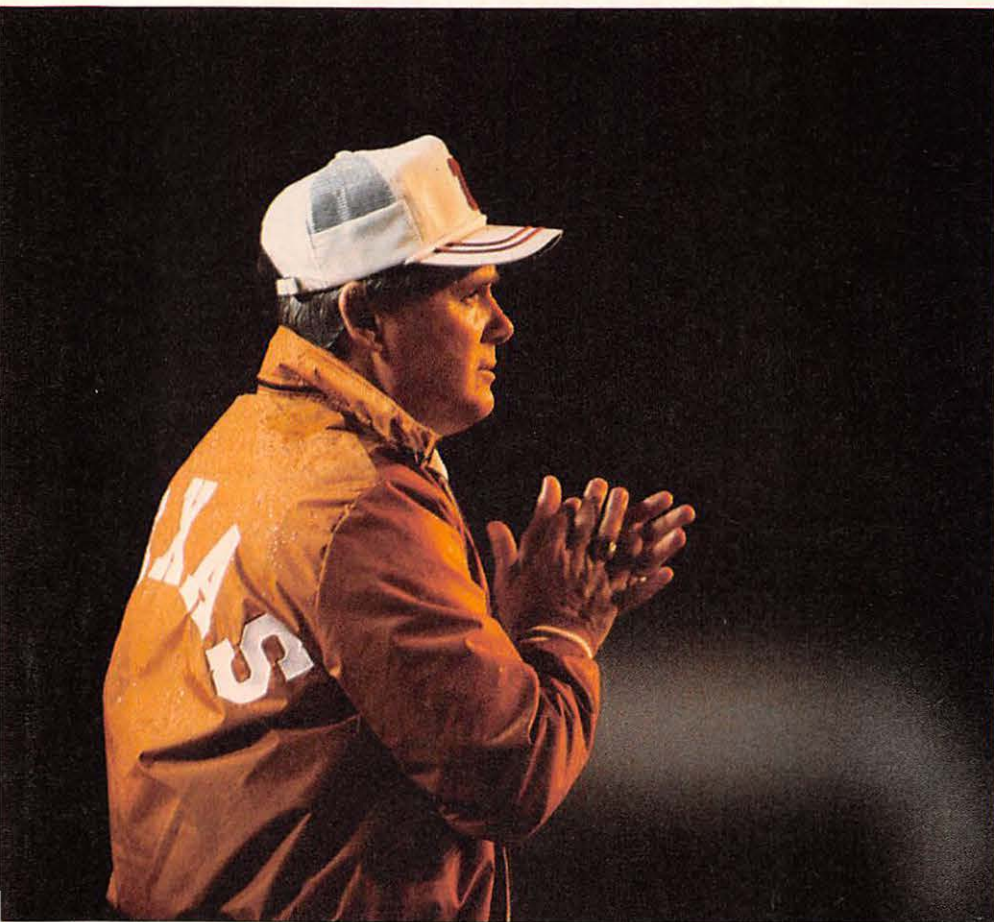
Royal, Akers' beloved predecessor, who is now a special assistant to university president William Cunningham. His secretary still answers the phone, "Coach Royal's office." During his years as coach he had his differences with . . .

Allan Shivers, the late former governor of Texas and former chairman of the university's Board of Regents. Shivers never much cared for Royal's open-collar style and penchant for hanging out with Austin "pickers" like Willie Nelson and Waylon Jennings. Shivers reportedly begrudged Royal his ties to LBJ, a political rival. Also, Shivers probably didn't appreciate Royal's doing a commercial for an Austin bank that competed with one of which Shivers was chairman. In his antipathy toward Royal, Shivers aligned himself with . . .

Frank Erwin, another late former Board of Regents chairman and campus power broker. A sort of Huey Longhorn, Erwin, who died in 1984, drove an orange-and-white Cadillac and is said to have thought Royal foolish for not matching his rivals' improper recruiting tactics. Erwin collaborated with Shivers to ease out Royal and bring in Akers, thereby passing over . . .

Mike Campbell, Royal's longtime defensive coordinator and his choice as his successor. Campbell is now coordinator of the Texas Longhorn Education Foundation (TLEF), the nearly 300-member booster group to which the most voluble belly-Akers belong, including . . .

B.M. (Mack) Rankin, a Dallas oilman who offered to buy out Akers' contract after last season. Rankin's remark before this year's Oklahoma-Texas game—"Akers is gone. If it's DeLoss's responsibility, and he can't correct it, then we'll



PETER READ MILLER

According to his detractors, the fabled Akers stare is his only memorable feature.

well, then, it'll be brought in, by golly, cost be damned. The resources for luring excellence are immense: modern facilities, the nation's largest endowment (\$1.3 billion) and deeds to some 21 million acres of oil-rich land. All of which helps explain how the university has been able to attract a bevy of Nobel laureates over the last several years.

A similarly ambitious and high-minded spirit prevails in the athletic department. The Longhorns, for instance, do not have a Hall of Fame; they have a Hall

ingly high expectations across the board.

To get a better fix on Akers' fall, we paid a visit, before the ax fell, to the office of Charles Alan Wright in the Texas law school. He is a renowned constitutional scholar who represents the finest the university has to offer. Wright says, "The question I don't have the answer to, and I'm glad others get paid to find it, is whether the public controversy has destroyed his effectiveness.

have to get rid of the athletic director"—swung sympathy back to Akers. By "DeLoss," Rankin wasn't referring to some previous Saturday's failure, but to . . .

DeLoss Dodds, the current Longhorn athletic director. A pipe-smoking man of perpetually serious mien, he made the decision that Akers must go, and he informed Cunningham and the school's athletics council that he was making the change. In conversation—and Dodds returns the phone calls of everyone, from the mightiest petromogul to the most humble Orangeblood—he calls Akers' detractors his "distractors."

That was an apropos malaprop long before this season. In fact, Akers' detractor-distractors have been around since Royal stepped down in 1976. When Royal pleaded Campbell's case, Shivers, finally rid of Royal, wasn't about to listen. "If all Darrell had done was speak on Mike Campbell's behalf, Fred could have accepted it," says Robert Heard, a veteran Austin journalist who suffered a bullet wound while reporting the infamous 1966 Texas Tower shootings and now

Two straight losses to Oklahoma, including a 14-7 upset in '85, sped Akers' departure.



Many rank-and-file Orangebloods considered Akers unfit to coach the Longhorns.

publishes *Inside Texas*, a newsletter covering the campus. "But Darrell went back a second time, to speak against Fred."

Shivers was still unmoved, and Royal used what little leverage he still had to hang on as athletic director. Meanwhile, Shivers was privately telling Akers to ignore Royal and to report directly to him. So, for the three seasons Akers and Royal shared quarters in the athletic department, Akers did as he was told. A rift opened between Royal and his former as-

sistant, and Royalists became upset at how their man had been treated. They found Freddie Akers, the erstwhile good ol' boy who suddenly went by Fred and wore three-piece suits, a convenient lightning rod for their disaffection.

In the almost monarchical world of major college football, it's difficult to follow a legend. Alabama's Ray Perkins, Ohio State's Earle Bruce and USC's Ted Tollner, heirs to Bear Bryant, Woody Hayes and John Robinson, respectively,

continued





PETER READ MILLER

AKERS *continued*

have all experienced that. Although Akers shares with those three successors a lack of charisma, they at least had the tacit blessing of their predecessors. To have that venerable forebear in your corner is an incalculable benefit. Bob Devaney's support was critical to Tom Osborne during Osborne's salad days at Nebraska. "I remember following two guys into a Nebraska game on a rainy day," says Dodds, who was AD at Kansas State for three years. "One turned to the other and said, 'It wouldn't be raining if Devaney were still coaching.'"

While Akers slowly twisted in the wind last week, Royal had few encouraging words to say—either to the public or privately to his successor. Royal spent last weekend playing golf in Palm Springs. But Dodds couldn't run off, and he seemed to be suffering even more than Akers. "I wish the university didn't have to go through this," he said. "But we are, and we have to come out of it better."

Akers had told Dodds early in the week not to expect his resignation. Before that, Dodds had told Akers not to expect a vote of confidence. Asked how he felt about the silence from down the hall, Akers said, "Are you going to ask me if I still beat my wife?"

The day before the A & M game, Dodds and Akers flew to Houston for a

Kicker Ward: "Criticize the play-calling. . . . But don't question the man's character."

Touchdown Club luncheon. Contrary to expectations, a third party wasn't needed to de-ice the cabin. Instead, on the flight back to Austin, Akers told Dodds a pointed story. It was about a Midland man who had lost every penny of a \$160 million fortune during the recent oil bust. Broke, the man sauntered into a bar and was heard to tell someone, "You're not through till you quit." Soon he had amassed another \$200 million. "It was as if," says Texas spokesman Bill Little, who was on the flight, "that was how Fred wanted his epitaph to read."

But that only begs the question of why Texas had ordered up a tombstone for Akers in the first place. Among the possible explanations:

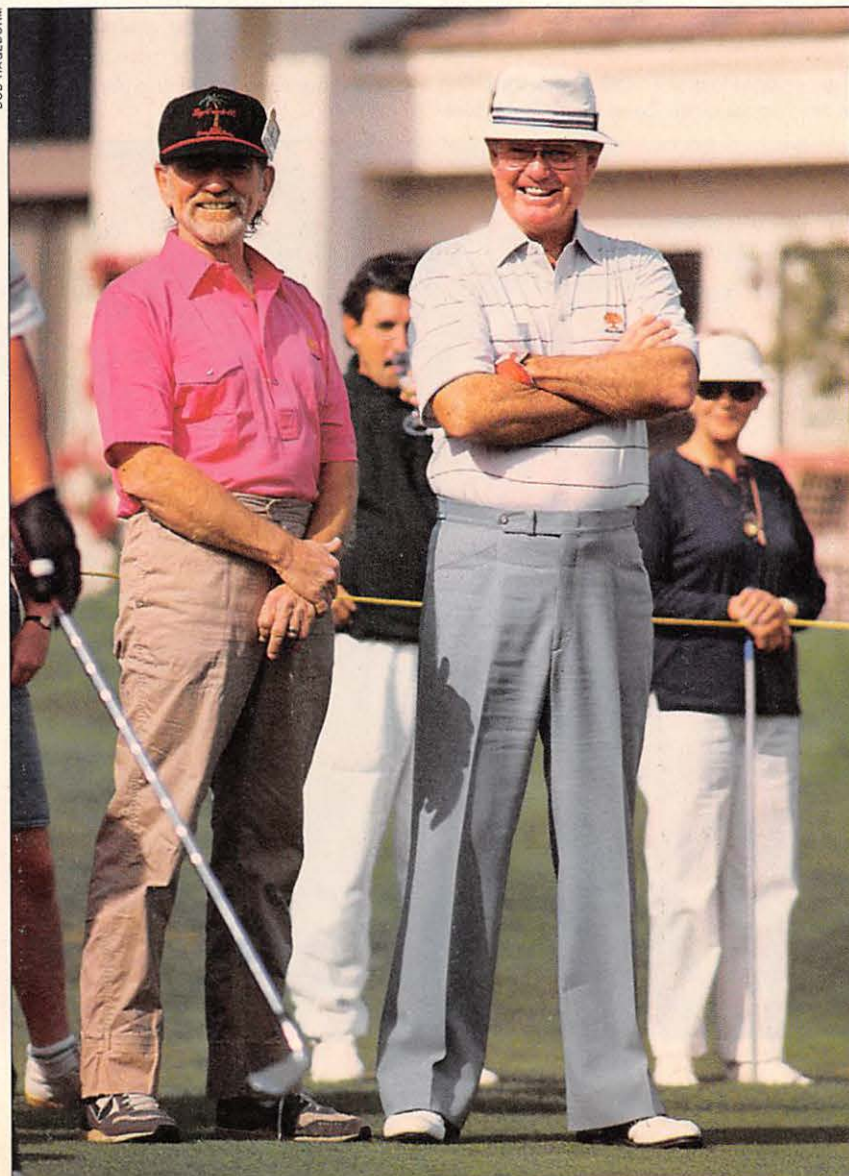
- The Royal Shaft. That's what Akers got in the constant contrasting of his person-

ality with that of his predecessor. Royal had an irresistible public manner and a stable of country witticisms to drop on the press. When Royal described someone as "so rich he could burn a wet elephant," he evoked an era when Texans measured their wealth in firewood and disposed of dead farm animals by burning them. Akers had the wry line in him—"Break out the wide-angle lens, boys, I'm getting ready to smile" is his all-timer—but he rarely let it out.

- The X's and O's. When Royal found himself with a surplus of talented runners one year, he asked an assistant named Emory Ballard to draw up a three-back offense. Voilà, the wishbone. On the other hand, Akers' detractors were sure that an uninspiring personality and an uninspiring attack went hand in hand. ABOLISH NO-OFFENSE FOOTBALL read a few of the FIRE FRED bumper stickers around Austin. At times it did seem that Texas was content to set up Jeff (Emergency)

continued

BOB HAGEDOHN



Royal teed it up with Willie but didn't sing, "You were always on my mind" to Akers.



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Ward, its All-America kicker. "Everyone's entitled to an opinion," says Ward. "Criticize the play calling. Criticize what happens on the field. But don't question the man's character."

• The W's and L's. Akers had one 10-1-1 season and two 11-1 finishes in his first seven years in Austin. But, as the Monkees would say, that was then, this is now. Akers was 14-14 over his final 28 games, and he hadn't beaten Oklahoma or A & M in three years. As the final weeks of Texas's first losing season since 1956 wound down, Dodds ominously kept emphasizing that he wouldn't examine just the record, but the trend of the record as well.

• The P's and Q's. "We're three dead-ball fouts from being undefeated in the conference," Akers said before the Horns lost their last two games, to Baylor and A & M. He pointed that out as if the fates had been cruel, and with regard to injuries—20 starters missed at least one game—they have been. But Texas had costly lapses of discipline. On Sept. 27, police arrested star running back Edwin Simmons when, according to the police, they found him naked in the backyard of a West Austin house. Simmons was released without charges being pressed. On Oct. 18, Arkansas scored the decisive touchdown after the Longhorns had 12 men on the field for a Razorback field

named after commodities, not concepts. Hence, going to the Freedom Bowl in 1984 wasn't particularly appreciated. Nor was losing there 55-17 to Iowa.

• The Humpty-Dumpty Factor. The argument goes more or less like this: Yeah, well, so maybe Fred's O.K., but if we were to keep him, we couldn't really respect ourselves since we've pilloried the guy so much already. "I don't believe," says Kelly, "you can ever put Humpty-Dumpty back together again."

• Hooking Horns. According to *Dave Campbell's Texas Football*, Texas had the SWC's third-best recruiting class in 1985 but slipped to fifth last spring. With Akers' future uncertain this season, the



Diane, a professional photographer, says that she "feels like hitting some people."

• The A's and B's. The graduation rate of Akers' four-year players is 53%, virtually the same as that of the overall student body. Among male athletes at the university, however, the rate is 69%, and among female athletes it is 94%. What's worse, only 37.8% of all football signees have graduated since 1977, Akers' first year as coach. The regents, who do not see themselves as football-factory foremen, were concerned.

goal attempt. Two weeks later, defensive back John Hagy twice drew crucial unsportsmanlike-conduct penalties for popping off to officials during a loss to Texas Tech.

• Bowled Over. No one cares that Akers went 11-1 in 1983, only that he lost 10-9 to Georgia in the Cotton Bowl with a team that would send 19 players to the pros. Nowadays, just appearing in Dallas on New Year's Day seems a remote goal. It's an axiom of college football at this level that you want to play in bowl games

Longhorns were hemorrhaging in the recruiting wars. Akers did shake up his staff over the winter, bringing in seven aggressive assistants, but it was too late. "Everybody tried to tell [Fred] he had a bunch of dunderheads recruiting," *Inside Texas* quoted one source close to the team, "and the reason he wouldn't listen is that he's a dunderhead, too."

• Booster Shots. The three schools that have outreached Texas in the '80s—A & M, TCU and SMU—have all allegedly paid their players, while at Texas the

continued

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SPORTS QUIZ

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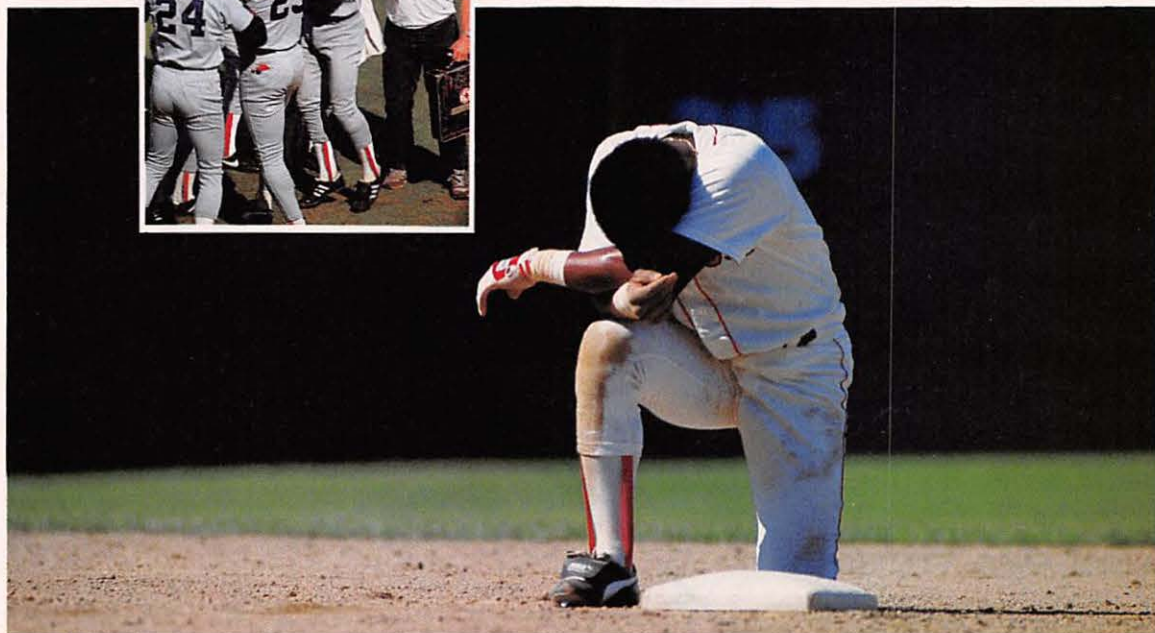
The right choice.

SPORTS QUIZ

The Ground Rules

This quiz has been specially designed to test your knowledge of sporting events which have occurred during the past three months.

Answers appear on the last page of this special section. The score box below will show you how you rate.



SCORE

28-27 HALL OF FAMER 26-25 ALL STAR
24-23 PROFESSIONAL 22-21 SEMIPRO
20-0 TRADED

1. Who is the undisputed world welterweight boxing champion?

- A. Donald Curry C. Milton McCrory
B. Lloyd Honeyghan D. Ray Leonard

2. Who won the 1986 World Series Most Valuable Player award?

- A. Ray Knight C. Keith Hernandez
B. Gary Carter D. Marty Barrett

3. By losing 4 of their first 5 games this fall, the Miami Dolphins got off to their worst start since what year?

- A. 1985 C. 1981
B. 1983 D. 1969

4. Four-time champion John McEnroe was knocked out in the first round of the 1986 U.S. Open by which player?

- A. Stefan Edberg C. Jimmy Connors
B. Ilie Nastase D. Paul Annacone

5. Which NFL running back this season cracked the 15,000 mark in career rushing yardage?

- A. John Riggins C. Walter Payton
B. Eric Dickerson D. William Andrews

6. In October the International Olympic Committee designated sites for the 1992 Olympic Games, choosing Albertville, France for the Winter Games and which city for the Summer Games?

- A. Paris C. St. Louis
B. Barcelona D. Athens

7. Who hit the home run that gave the California Angels a 4-1 lead in the fifth game of their ALCS series with the Boston Red Sox and a seeming lock on the American League pennant?

- A. Wally Joyner C. Bobby Grich
B. Doug DeCinces D. Bob Boone

8. Who threw a no-hitter against the Angels during the last week of the regular season?

- A. Bert Blyleven C. Jack Morris
B. Joe Cowley D. Mike Boddicker

9. When the New York Mets beat the Boston Red Sox in the 1986 World Series, how many games were won by the home team?

- A. 1 C. 3
B. 2 D. 4

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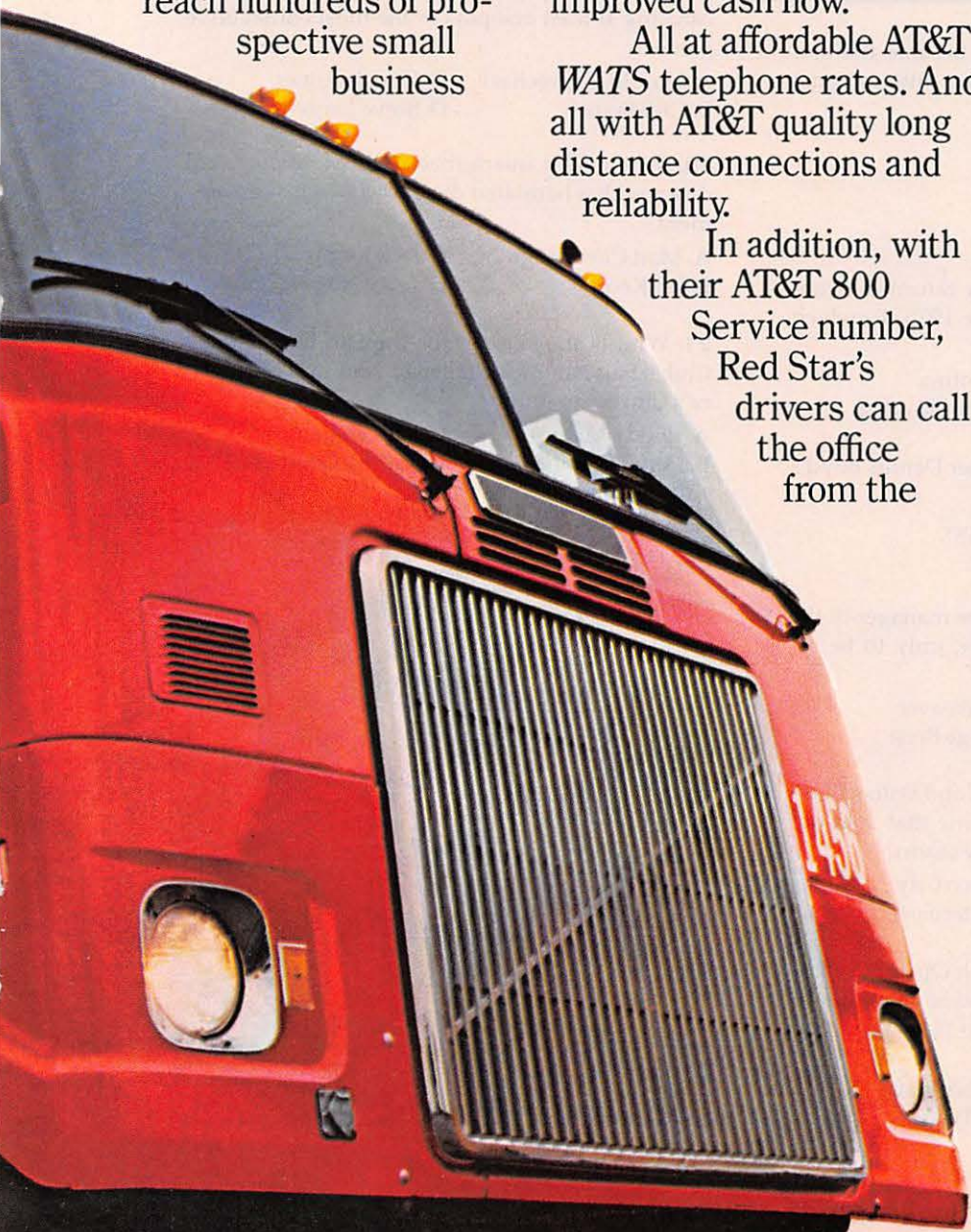
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SPORTS QUIZ



10. Last summer Greg LeMond became the first American in 83 years to win what international event?

- A. French Open Tennis
- B. British Open Golf
- C. Henley Regatta
- D. Tour de France bicycle race

11. Martina Navratilova recently returned to her homeland for the first time since 1975. To which country did she return?

- A. Hungary
- B. East Germany
- C. Argentina
- D. Czechoslovakia

12. What is Boston Red Sox pitcher Dennis Boyd's nickname?

- A. Tank
- B. Oil Can
- C. Skipper
- D. Chip

13. Who replaced Dick Howser as manager of the Kansas City Royals last summer, only to be replaced himself at season's end?

- A. Billy Martin
- B. Mike Ferraro
- C. Earl Weaver
- D. George Brett

14. Where did the Chicago Bears and Dallas Cowboys play an NFL preseason game that sold out the stadium and took the town by storm?

- A. London
- B. Tokyo
- C. Mexico City
- D. Amsterdam

15. Greg Norman won the British Open but came in second in the other three Grand Slam events after leading each with a round to play. Who beat him in this year's PGA?

- A. Seve Ballesteros
- B. Peter Jacobsen
- C. Jack Nicklaus
- D. Bob Tway

16. How much money did a New York jury award the USFL in damages as payment from the NFL?

- A. \$1
- B. \$3
- C. \$1.69 billion
- D. nothing

17. Napoleon McCallum received a dispensation from the U.S. Navy to play for which National Football League team?

- A. Tampa Bay Buccaneers
- B. Miami Dolphins
- C. Seattle Seahawks
- D. Los Angeles Raiders

18. Udo Beyer of East Germany holds the world record in which track and field event?

- A. Pole vault
- B. Shot put
- C. Javelin throw
- D. 1,500 meter run

19. Which NFL player recently broke the record by catching at least one pass in the most consecutive games?

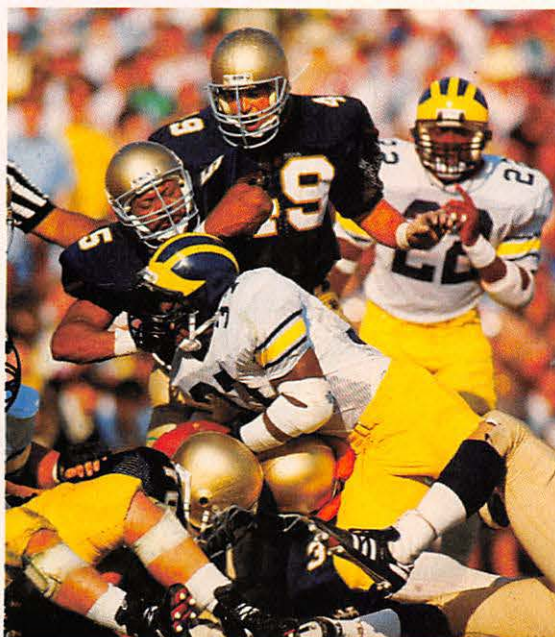
- A. Harold Carmichael
- B. Cliff Branch
- C. Charlie Joiner
- D. Steve Largent

20. When 49er quarterback Joe Montana went down with a herniated disc, who was his replacement?

- A. Matt Cavanaugh
- B. Jeff Kemp
- C. Jack Kemp
- D. Gary Hogeboom

21. Who is the skipper for the San Diego Yacht Club's Sail America challenge boat in the America's Cup competition?

- A. Buddy Melges
- B. Dennis Conner
- C. Paul Hogan
- D. Jimmy Connors



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SPORTS QUIZ



22. Who lost to Martina Navratilova in the women's finals at this year's U.S. Open?

- A. Chris Evert Lloyd C. Steffi Graf
B. Hana Mandlikova D. Pam Shriver

23. Who hit a home run off Dwight Gooden in the first game of the NLCS to give the Houston Astros a 1-0 victory over the New York Mets?

- A. Jose Cruz C. Dickie Thon
B. Glenn Davis D. Mike Scott

24. Who is the oldest active player in the National Football League?

- A. Walter Payton C. John Riggins
B. Jim Plunkett D. Jeff Van Note

25. Don Mattingly accumulated 53 doubles during the 1986 season, breaking the New York Yankee record held by which Hall of Famer?

- A. Lou Gehrig C. Babe Ruth
B. Mickey Mantle D. Joe DiMaggio

26. Lou Holtz began his coaching career at Notre Dame this fall with how many consecutive losses?

- A. 2 C. 4
B. 3 D. 5

27. Through the games of November 1, who had been the season-long leader in running and passing yardage in NCAA Division I football?

- A. Lorenzo White C. Darrell Thompson
B. Jerry Mays D. Paul Palmer

28. On Sept. 28, CBS conducted a phone poll to determine how American sports fans felt about the NFL's use of instant replay on controversial plays. What percentage of those who responded felt instant replay should continue to be used.

- A. 10 C. 30
B. 20 D. 40



ANSWERS

- | | | | | |
|------|-------|-------|-------|-------|
| 1. B | 7. C | 13. B | 19. D | 25. A |
| 2. A | 8. B | 14. A | 20. B | 26. A |
| 3. D | 9. C | 15. D | 21. B | 27. D |
| 4. D | 10. D | 16. A | 22. C | 28. C |
| 5. C | 11. D | 17. D | 23. B | |
| 6. B | 12. B | 18. B | 24. D | |



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Saturdays, 7:30AM "Sports Close Up" & 7PM "Sports Saturday," Sundays 11:30AM "NFL Preview" & 7PM "Sports Sunday" (EASTERN TIMES)

booster presence is benign enough to control. In fact, if it hadn't been for the exigencies of Title IX and inflation during the early '70s, the school might never have started accepting booster largess at all. The TLEF contributes only \$600,000 annually, just 7% of the men's athletics budget. Several deep-pocketed Orangebloods turned on Akers a few years ago when they thought that he had mismanaged funds they had raised. But an internal probe cleared the coach of any wrongdoing, and the fire-him-or-else threats from people like Rankin were largely just cries of wolf.

But disaffection with Akers extended well into the rank and file. Before the TCU game a few weeks ago, Scott Wilson, Mike Powell and Kurt Zeitler gathered in the parking lot outside Amon Carter Stadium in Fort Worth. They're not petulant petromoguls but garden-variety Longhorn fans, workaday Texas grads with nothing to withhold but their approval. They were grilling Akers over smoldering mesquite:

"I've seen every game Fred Akers hasn't coached here."

The only Longhorns Akers nurtures now are the ones on his ranch outside Austin.

"He has no imagination."

"He can't maintain discipline. I don't know how many times we've been penalized for having 12 men on the field."

"It's become standard procedure to call timeout after a touchdown to decide what to do with the extra point."

"When your All-America tight end has to take 15 hours in summer school just to stay eligible, it's not something that just happens. It's something that's been accumulating."

"It wasn't just the unsportsmanlike conduct penalties against Texas Tech. Against Stanford our guys got into two or three fights."

"And three weeks after he's found naked in some woman's backyard, Edwin Simmons is playing again."

"Akers is the only coach in America who'd sit on a 9-3 lead."

"After the Freedom Bowl, Fred installed his Highway Patrol Defense: Keep 'em under 55."

"He insinuates that anyone who criticizes is disloyal, that the only reason we're mad is we lose our bets. I didn't lose my bet on the Oklahoma game."

"I hear Fred takes his Wheaties on a plate, 'cause he has trouble with bowls."

"Did you hear how the judge settled the child-beating custody case? He gave the kid to Fred Akers, 'cause he doesn't beat anybody."

"This is Texas. This is 'Remember the Alamo.' One of the emotions that built this state is revenge, tit for tat. But we lose to A & M. And lose to A & M again, and again. We get none of it."

Maybe that was Akers' fatal shortcoming. Of all the mortal emotions that he could have displayed at the end, vengeance wasn't one. Akers just wanted to keep his job at a school that makes so many demands academically, athletically and ethically that he could meet only 95% of them. "This is my life," he says. "This is my work, and I'm good at it."

Akers' wife, Diane, however, does put in a claim on revenge. She's a feisty woman of 5' 2" who uses a Magnum to shoot rattlesnakes on the family ranch outside Austin. "I believe in reincarnation," she said recently. "And in my next life I want to come back as a defensive tackle, 'cause I feel like hitting some people."

Maybe in that next life the fates will give Akers a chance to teach her the four-point stance, and how to fire out, and how to hit hard, real hard.

END



PETER READ MILLER

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In every aspect of the drive, from cornering to accelerating to braking, Riviera will meet your highest expectations. And it does so in an environment of superior comfort and high technology, featuring a computerized Graphic Control Center (GCC*) that displays over 100 different functions.

And if you buy and take delivery of this remarkable automobile by February 28, 1987, you're guaran-

teed two round-trip tickets to Paris, Hawaii, San Francisco or over 100 other cities TWA serves worldwide. At no charge. So visit your Buick dealer and celebrate better with the better way to lease, or with the Buick/TWA "Better Way To Fly" offer. Now, it's the only way to fly.

Travel must be completed by March 31, 1988. Some restrictions apply. Dealer financial participation may affect consumer cost. For more information, visit your nearby participating Buick dealer or call 1-800-87-BUICK (1-800-872-8425).

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Where better really matters.

B U I C K

TWA

COLLEGE BASKETBALL

by Curry Kirkpatrick

SOUTH TO ALASKA

How the national champion Louisville Cardinals spent their Thanksgiving vacation:

On the way to Anchorage for the Great Alaska Shootout, Pervis Ellison's baggage was lost by an airline for two days, during which Never Nervous, protected only by a windbreaker, was never warm.

A false fire alarm in the middle of the night routed the team from its hotel rooms to the lobby; all except Pervis, who slept through it.

Coach Denny Crum couldn't get back to sleep after the alarm. No wonder. The Cards have no guards who can handle pressure. Kevin Walls, a mystery anyway, has an inflamed Achil-

les tendon, and Keith Williams, last year's redshirt freshman, committed three early fouls against Northeastern, whereupon Crum had to go with can't-play senior Chris West.

The champs made 21 turnovers in the first half against the Huskies, to lose 88-84, and then shot 7 for 25 with 6 airballs in the first half against Washington for a 69-54 hosing. Then the 'Ville lost to Texas 74-70. Ellison, who fouled out but three times as a freshman, was whistled from all three losses. "I think my timing is a little off," he said.

How about a couple of time zones off?

THEN THERE'S EGIL EIDE OF NORWAY

If there was ever any question that this season would be somewhat less than spectacular—what with the lack of dominant teams, famous players and common two-point sense—forget it. It is a pleasure to report the results of some thrilling traditional early games:

Shenandoah 61, Gallaudet 60.

Baruch 57, Lehman 54.

Biola 84, Guadalajara 44.

And, of course: Bradley 110, Athletes Fighting Substance Abuse 107.

It is hoped that the meeting between the Braves, also known as AFNA (Athletes Fighting NCAA Aggravation) and AFSA is only the beginning of a long and hallowed series.

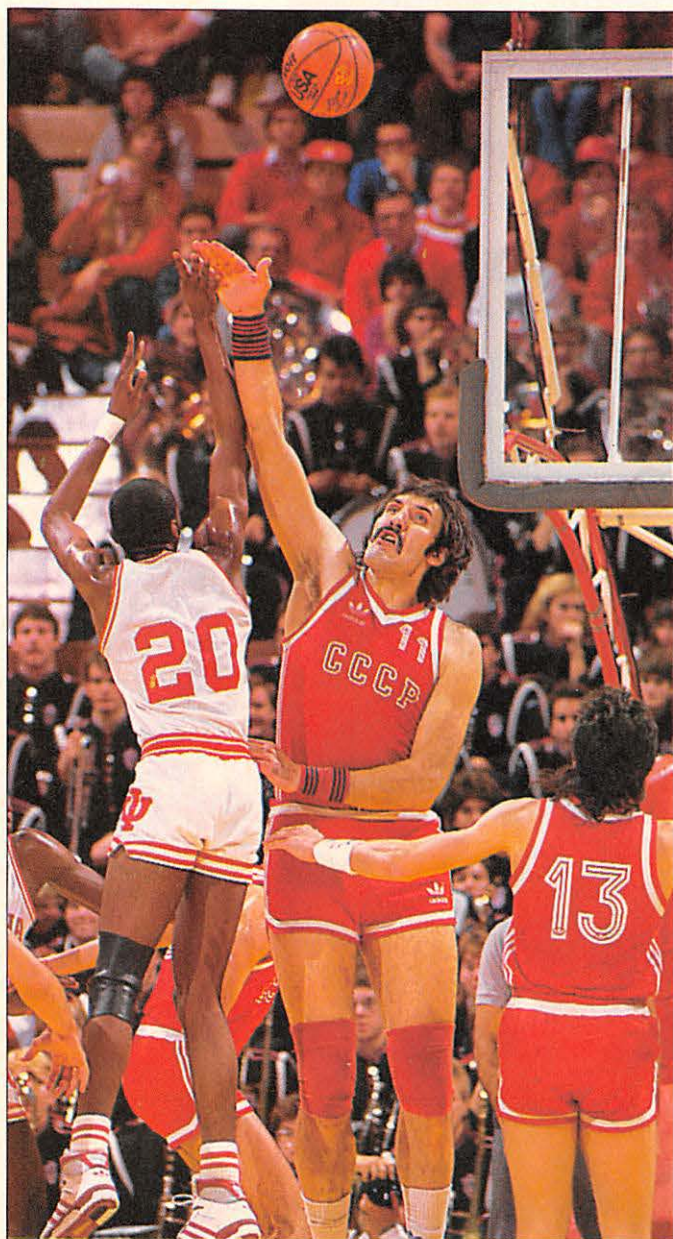
Speaking of long series, now that the 19 or 190 or 1,900 teams from foreign lands have finished their campus tours and finally returned home—Yugoslavia Red Star won the American League pennant with a 4-5 record against our undergraduates, and the USSR took the

National League flag with an 8-6 mark; they will play it off in Moldavia on Feb. 29—isn't it about time LSU coach Dale Brown brought Arvidas Sabonis out of hiding and enrolled him in some Cajun cooking courses in Baton Rouge? As it turns out, the biggest disappointment of the multinational visits was not that Sabonis didn't show up—the Duke student animal section was reduced to displaying signs asking WOULD YOU NAME YOUR SON VALERY?—but that Team Turkey didn't have the gizzards to stay around until Turkey Day. However, the Turks did provide the captain of SI's all-emigré name team—the one and only Levant (Stick) Popsikal, whose teammates are Rajko (Rizzo) Zizic, Yugoslavia Red Star; Danko (Very Much) Cvijecicanin, Yugoslavia; Attila (The Pun) Kovac, Hungary; and Dariusz (Go On With This?) Zelig, Poland. Go On With This is obviously a figment of the imagination of Woodiusz Allen, as evidenced by the fact that he scored 33 points in the Poles' 83-73 upset of Southern Cal in Los Angeles.

A REAL DOW JONESER (CONT.)

Dick Vitale, in the Dec. 15 issue of *Basketball Times*: "What will the three-point play mean? 1) It will open up the lane because teams won't be able to pack in their zone defenses. 2) It will create more motion in the game. 3) It'll bring back those suburban jump shooters into the game. In the eyes of many the shot is too close, but I think it is just right."

Dick Vitale on the Nov. 22 N.C. State-Navy telecast: "[The three pointer] ... is a chippie for most kids. It has



Vladimir Tkachenko more than filled Sabonis's spot for the 8-6 Soviet tourists.

spoiled the game because it's become the dominant part of the game. I like to see a game of art and beauty. . . . This is a real farce in the college game. I don't like it."

Say, would you guys like to go on at halftime together?

All seriousness aside, here's a personal view on the trieychta shot: Get rid of it—from any distance—fast, before this wonderful game becomes nothing more than five stationary wimps unloading from the half-moon line, followed by their opposing number doing the same thing at the other end, and we wind up with something that resembles a soccer shootout in a pinball arcade. USC coach George Raveling said it best: "Naismith must be vomiting."

OY VEY

Like all Orthodox Jewish males, the boys on Miami's Hebrew Academy basketball team wear their yarmulkes at all times, even on the hardwood. So it came as a shock when referees, citing National Federation's basketball rules prohibiting players from wearing headgear unless it is for protection, asked the Warriors to remove their skullcaps prior to their opener against Interamerican Academy. When the Warriors refused, the game was postponed.

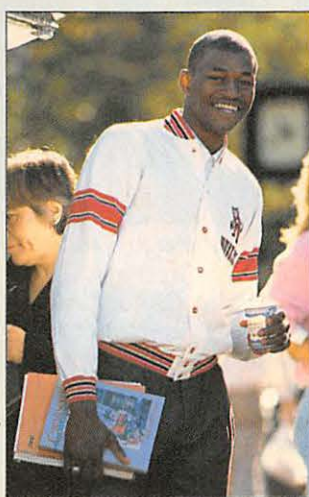
In the meantime a compromise was reached for Hebrew's game with Miami Country Day: The Warriors were allowed to wear yarmulkes attached to elastic headbands. "You could say we invented the world's truly safe yarmulke," said Joseph Rackman, the school's attorney. Hebrew principal Rabbi Yossi Haber was not pleased. "This is ridiculous," he said. "The yarmulke is way too low on the head to be proper." Team cap-

SI TOP 20

1. NORTH CAROLINA (2-0)	1*
2. UNLV (4-0)	3
3. PURDUE (1-0)	5
4. INDIANA (1-0)	6
5. ALABAMA (1-0)	8
6. KANSAS (1-0)	11
7. IOWA (3-0)	16
8. WESTERN KY. (3-1)	23
9. TEMPLE (3-1)	31
10. GEORGETOWN (2-0)	12
11. OKLAHOMA (1-1)	4
12. AUBURN (1-0)	13
13. NORTHEASTERN (2-1)	22
14. LOUISVILLE (0-3)	2
15. KENTUCKY (1-0)	10
16. NAVY (2-1)	17
17. N.C. STATE (3-1)	14
18. WYOMING (2-0)	19
19. PITTSBURGH (1-0)	30
19.9 †TURKEY (1-5)	—

*preseason ranking
†mincemeat

Vegas might struggle at Memphis State, Oklahoma or Auburn, but the Rebs' regular season is all but over. Northeastern has been on the verge of greatness since Reggie Lewis was a frosh. Iowa and Western Kentucky: Talk about new coaches (Tom Davis and Murray Arnold) falling into clover. N.C. State still hasn't really beaten Navy, but watch the Mids' old coach (Paul Evans) and his new team, Pitt.



The Huskies arrived via Lewisville.

tain Jeff Meyers said his mother wasn't happy either. "She doesn't like sewing," he said.

Oh, yes. Wearing their low riders, Hebrew beat Country Day 58-53.

WHERE AREN'T THEY NOW?

Folks associated with the Arizona Wildcats, who sometimes kiddingly refer to the prematurely white-haired coach, Lute Olson, as Frosty, might be amused to learn that teams at Pacific Lutheran in Tacoma, Wash., are nicknamed the Lutes. The Lutes play in Olson Auditorium, and, by the way, the school's football coach is Frosty Westering.

Norm Ellenberger, late of the Lobogate scandal at New Mexico, has sold his interest in Stormin' Norman's, an Albuquerque

restaurant, and is now serving as a volunteer assistant coach for none other than his old WAC rival and fishing buddy, Don (Bear) Haskins, at Texas-El Paso. Since being ousted from UNM in 1979, Ellenberger has coached in the Continental Basketball Association as well as the Womens Basketball League. A hiring freeze, since lifted, at Texas state colleges, had prevented Ellenberger from being paid by UTEP, so it's possible that now is the time to pick up a fantastic deal on some of the turquoise jewelry Stormin' used to sell.

Tim Floyd, who left Haskins's staff and somehow reappeared at Idaho as head coach Joe Risnag, has tracked down the source of all the confusion about his name. Risnag, it seems, is a John Doe-type nom de nothing that Big Sky Confer-

ence information director Arnie Sgalio has been using for years as a generic Big Sky coach when he sends out sample preseason questionnaires. Risnag has been a standing joke among conference SIDs, but the gag escaped George Ferguson, a retired sportswriter of the Salt Lake City *Deseret News*, when he was looking over Sgalio's dispatches and saw that Risnag was coaching Idaho. So Ferguson duly noted same in his Big Sky report that appeared in 250,000 copies of *Street & Smith's* basketball annual. This is about the funniest thing to happen in the Big Sky since Weber State started winning games under Dick Motta a couple of centuries ago and we first heard that the way to pronounce Weber is "Weeber."

BABES IN COYLAND

On Monday, Nov. 17, LaBradford Smith, 6' 4", of Bay City, Texas, told Michael Jordan of the Chicago Bulls over the phone that he would sign a letter of intent with Jordan's alma mater, North Carolina. Meanwhile, Louisville assistant coach Wade Houston was telling folks that Smith was a lock for Georgetown. On Tuesday, Nov. 18, Smith signed with Louisville.

At one that morning, Pacific time, Sean Higgins, 6' 9", of Los Angeles, called his sister and then his father in Southfield, Mich., to tell them he was about to sign with Michigan. At 7:30 the next morning Higgins's mother held a press conference in L.A. to announce that Sean had signed with UCLA.

The only surprise was that shadowy men carrying large bags were *not* observed leaving the scenes of the signings.

Meanwhile, on the dark side

continued

of recruiting (is there another side?), *The Hoop Scoop*, still another periodical for cageoholics, regularly runs a listing labeled "Where the top high school players are going to college." The latest roster carried these three entries:

19. Barry Young, 6' 7", Elliott City, Md. ... grades—?, possible Juco.

20. Lyndon Jones, 6' 2", Marion, In. ... Indiana

21. David Harris, 6' 8", Memphis, Tenn. ... doing three years for assault.

Can anyone hear Tark the Shark revving up the engines on the Vegas booster plane yet?

BOYS TOWN

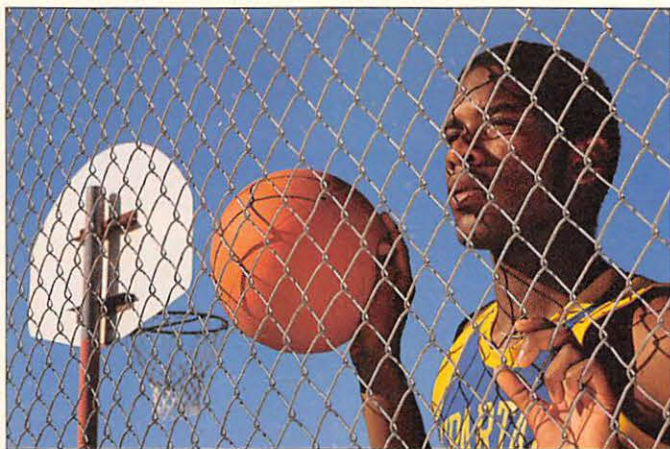
While most schools sign recruits, Nevada-Las Vegas stashes them. This is called building a program the Jerry Tarkanian way. Meet Lloyd

STATOSPHERE

3 Louisville began its defense of the NCAA title by misplacing its survivalist instincts and losing all three of its games in the Great Alaska Shootout. But where there's a 'Ville there's a way: Last season Denny Crum's Cards were 15-7 through Feb. 8.



JOHN W. McDONOUGH



Allen, now at the El Paso de Robles detention home, may be a future Rebel.

Daniels and Clifford Allen, both cruelly deprived of love, family and education for much of their 19-year-old lives until it was discovered they could be the next Magic Johnson and Moses Malone, respectively. They are schoolboy legends who barely went to school.

Daniels, 6' 8", 190, dropped out of Andrew Jackson High in New York City after his junior year (it was the fourth high school he had attended) saying, "I ain't allergic to no school. I just don't want to go." Which UNLV coach Tarkanian apparently understood to mean Daniels would be perfectly suited for Mount San Antonio J.C. in Walnut, Calif. Las Vegas assistant coach Mark Warkentien became Daniels's legal guardian to circumvent, Tark admits, the NCAA rule limiting contacts between coach and stashee, uh, recruit. Daniels lived in an apartment near the Warkentien home during the summer while taking courses at UNLV, and Warkentien now makes frequent trips to Walnut to monitor Daniels's progress, particularly his tutoring for a severe reading problem. Says Tarkanian, "Half the J.C. kids can't read; that's not unusual." If Daniels earns 18 credits this term, 18 next term and 12 more in summer school at UNLV, he'll be eligible to play for the Runnin' Rebels next season.

Tark has referred to Allen as

"my first valedictorian." That is because Allen is among the best students at El Paso de Robles detention home in Paso Robles, Calif. Allen becomes eligible for parole next month and could be out in March, in time to see his future teammates win the national championship.

Forget high school games; there is no evidence that the 6' 10½", 235-pound Allen has ever participated in more than a handful of high school practices. Drinking problems and petty crime had Allen in and out of halfway houses while his basketball talent was shining through in summer-league games. After Isadore (Issy) Washington, a former professor of aerospace studies at USC, became Allen's foster father and enrolled him at Carson High, Allen repaid the favor by taking Issy's car for a "joyride." Out of a detention home again, Allen got drunk, scuffled with a man, robbed him and was charged and convicted of armed robbery. That earned Allen a quick scholarship to El Paso de Robles, where he is being treated for alcoholism. He does small jobs for the community, such as battling forest fires, and takes a few courses at a nearby college. He could wind up in the middle of the Vegas lineup by 1988.

"You either remediate these kids or leave them in the ghetto," Warkentien says.

Which leads to the third member of the Rebs' future front line, Lawrence West, a transfer from DePaul who is currently suspended from the team—though he's allowed to practice—because of an alleged purse-snatching incident outside the Riviera Hotel last March. West is scheduled to stand trial Dec. 8 for possession of stolen property, stolen credit cards and larceny.

PEACH BUZZ(ER)

After N.C. State's Kenny Drummond beat Navy with a phantom three-pointer to win the Peach Basket Festival Hall of Fame Tip-Off Classic Longest Title Of A Single Athletic Contest Known To Man, on Nov. 22, Wolfpack coach Jim Valvano said, "Our football team is going to the Peach Bowl. We won the Peach Bas-

SNEAKERS

GERALD (DADDIO) PADDIO of UNLV hit 7 of 10 3-pointers, including a buzzer-beater to beat Temple, then got cocky against Western Kentucky and hoisted one from 30-foot land in the first overtime. He didn't beat the Toppers, but the Rebels did, 96-95, in the second OT, to win the preseason NIT.

JESSE JACKSON, no relation to Jesse Jackson, scored 37 points for Alaska-Anchorage against Iowa and scooped the assist of the decade against Texas: a bounding, over-the-baseline, blind and behind-the-back rainbow retrieval to teammate Mike Childs, who then converted the basket.

ket. Last night I had about 17 peach schnapps." No report yet on what the officials were slurping as they signaled that Drummond's shot was worth three when he had obviously taken off with both feet inside the 19' 9" line.

Get that rule *outta* here. **END**

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MICHAEL O'BRYON

TELEVISION

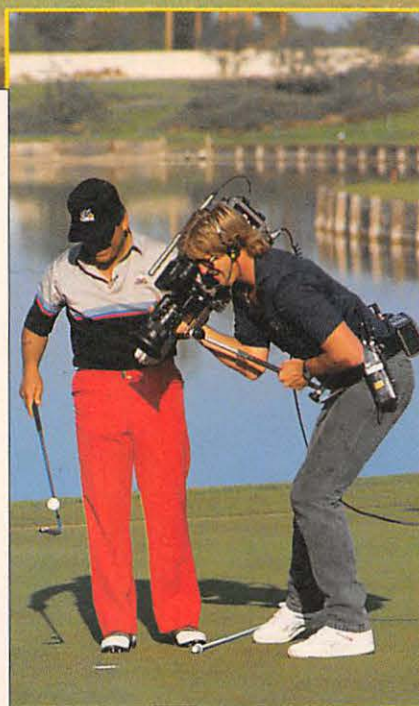
by William Taaffe

All those giddy contestants on *Wheel of Fortune* must have recognized a soul mate when Fuzzy Zoeller hit the jackpot in *The Skins* Game last weekend. But instead of a studio, the setting for this golfing game show was PGA West, a cantankerous nightmare of a course that Pete Dye has just carved out of the California desert in La Quinta, 30 miles southeast of Palm Springs. And instead of Vanna White, Fuzzy and three guys named Palmer, Nicklaus and Trevino were spinning the wheel.

For the record, Zoeller carted home \$370,000, his biggest payday since—well, since he won \$255,000 in last year's *Skins*. Trevino won \$55,000, Palmer \$25,000. Despite his two-under-par 70, Nicklaus went home with nothing.

Nobody much cared about scores at PGA West because in *Skins*, medal play is incidental to the money. And the money is merely a prop for that great god of sports, the tube.

The *Skins* Game first teed off on NBC in 1983 and has become a phenomenon in the ratings, one of the few black-ink TV stories of the day. While the numbers for almost all other sporting events have gone down since 1983, the ratings for *Skins* have gone up. To the chagrin of purists, the national rating for the '85 *Skins* beat every other



MICHAEL O'BRYON

golf tournament in the last two years except the '85 Masters. The conventional wisdom used to be that *Skins* would get killed against Sunday NFL games on CBS. What a laugh.

For Fuzzy, the price was right

Fuzzy Zoeller hit a \$370,000 TV jackpot as he won the Skins again

Lights and cameras accounted for much of the action as Trevino retrieved the wedge shot that won him a cool \$55,000 skin.

Back in the days of hickory shafts, skins was called "syndicates" or "cats." It's a friendly gambling game that has been played at country clubs for decades, although at the club level the golfers risk their own quid, not the sponsors'. Each hole is worth a unit, called a skin, which is assigned a certain value. In the TV version, a skin is worth \$15,000 for each of the first six holes, \$25,000 for the middle six and \$35,000 for the final six. Once won, a skin can't be lost. If two or more players tie for low score on a given hole, the skin is carried over to the following hole, and the hole after that and so on. Each time there's a carryover, all golfers become eligible for the bigger pot.

The godfather of TV *Skins* is Don Ohlmeyer, the Roone Arledge protégé who in 1977 left ABC to become executive producer of NBC Sports and who now heads his own media company, Ohlmeyer Communications. Ohlmeyer brought slap, dash and dazzle to TV sports in the '70s. An immensely talented and innovative producer, he was a pioneer in the use of hand-held cameras, NFL updates from remote sites, glitzy graphics and all sorts of special effects.

Perhaps more germane, he also helped usher in the age of "trash sports" such as *Superstars*, *Battle of the Network Stars* and NBC's forgettable prime-time series, *Games People Play*. It wasn't much of a step from

continued

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*With rear seat down.

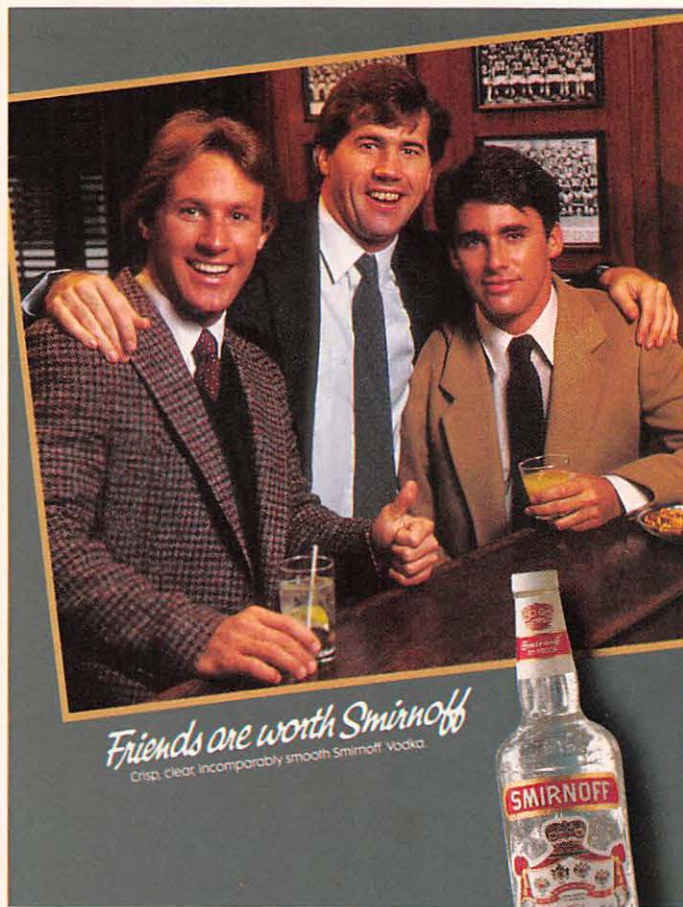
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Friends are worth Saving



those programs to *Skins*. The saving difference is that *Skins* is more exciting and increasingly carries an aura of authenticity as a golf event. Granted, *Skins* isn't much more than an exhibition, but it makes for terrifically entertaining television. And at least Arnie and Jack are out there shooting over the water hazard, not paddling a silly rowboat around in it.

After leaving NBC in 1982, Ohlmeyer quickly won an Emmy Award with *Special Bulletin*, a prime-time movie about terrorists threatening to destroy Charleston, S.C., with nuclear weapons. But *Skins* has been his big hit. His company buys the airtime (price: more than \$1 million), sells all the advertising and produces two days of shows. NBC merely promotes the tar out of it and deposits its ample profits in the bank.

Pure and simple, the *Skins* is a TV show. For instance, on the 1st tee Saturday, the four golfers waited 25 minutes until an Ohlmeyer stage manager gave them permission to hit. Trevino became so stiff that he pulled his tee shot into a swale. And why is the competition scheduled for the weekend? Because there are two NFL games on Thanksgiving and one the following Monday night, fans in six NFL cities presumably are available to watch *Skins* on Sunday. On Saturday, *Skins* has usually faced soft college football games on CBS and ABC. How's that for skinning the cat in the world of counter-programming?

There are other reasons why *Skins* is a TV bonanza. One is its marquee value. It was created at a time when the great stars of golf were fading; nowhere else could fans see all their old favorites in the same foursome. Also, it has an easy-to-follow format that even golf know-nothings can understand. And it's played on visually interesting courses at a time of year when the weather in much of the country is turning horrid. In Buffalo, for instance, it's nice to see blue skies and palm trees four weeks before Christmas.

Ohlmeyer knows that *Skins* wins in the ratings only if the superstars are present. The Bob Tways of the world aren't invited, no matter how many tournaments they have won. Jack and Lee were selected for their marquee value by a panel of tournament organizers, sponsors and media types. Fuzzy was invited for

having won *Skins* last year. And Arnie will have an exemption, Ohlmeyer says, as long as he can hit with the young'uns.

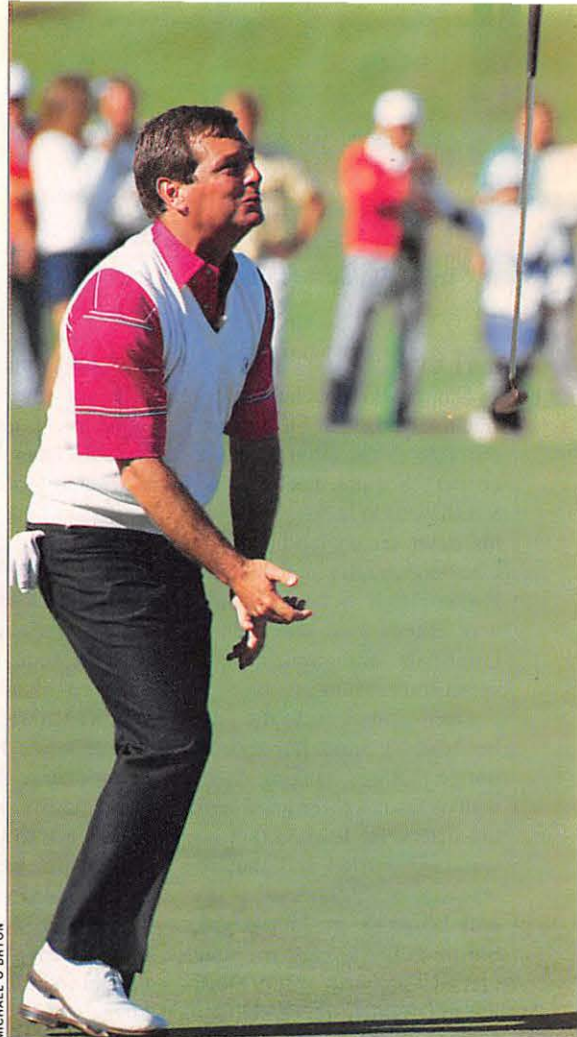
Still, *Skins* is greeted with disdain in the bastions of traditionalism. "It's pornographic," says USGA senior executive director Frank Hannigan. "There's a pretense about it—it's an exhibition but it isn't quite billed as such by television."

Ohlmeyer, whose golden rule of sports TV is to give unto viewers the kind of fare that will give unto him a high rating, says that television is a democratic medium and that too many elitists have been ignoring the commoners' wishes. "I love the game of golf, but it's not played in a cathedral," he says. "This is not necessarily the most important issue of our day. It's a game. It's entertainment. Frank is entitled to his opinion, but to call *Skins* pornographic is bizarre if not absurd.

"People say there's this emphasis on gambling. It's as though we've invented the first way of gambling on golf. But there probably isn't a golf game in America that doesn't have two dollars or two thousand dollars riding on it. People say the prize money is vulgar. Is there vulgarity in a guy who makes one million dollars playing in the World Series and winning another hundred thousand dollars? I can't answer that question. That's a question for philosophers to answer."

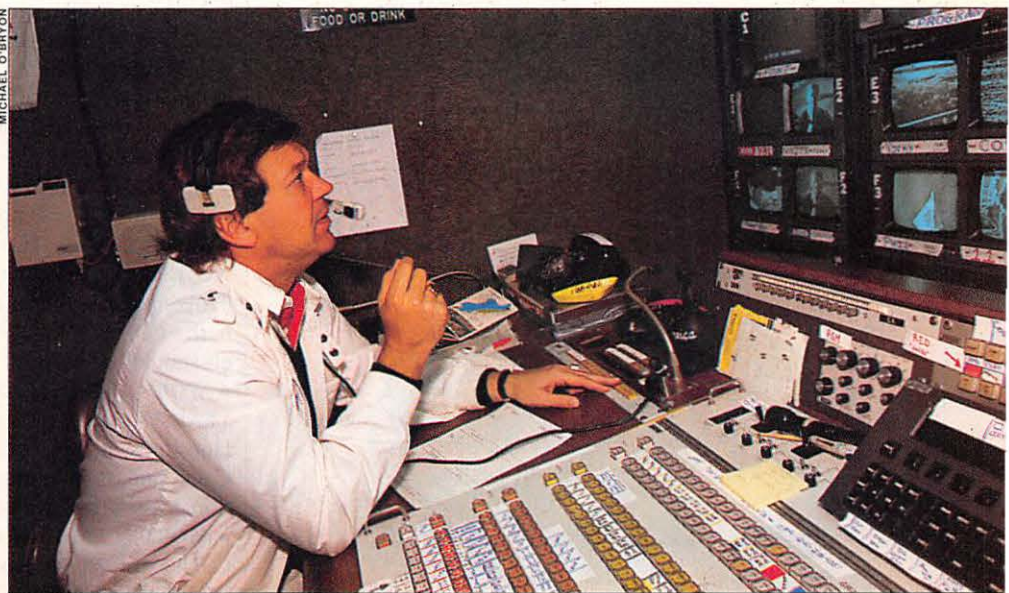
Zoeller, who has now lugged home \$625,000 from *Skins* in two years, is probably glad he's not Aristotle. His most lucrative single shot Sunday was a 26-foot birdie putt worth \$140,000.

Next year Zoeller will be back for



Fuzzy was a bear when it counted most.

more loot served up by TV. *Skins* has a way of lifting his spirits, if not his ailing back. On Saturday someone in the gallery asked him if *Skins* beats playing the lottery. "Yeah," Fuzzy was overheard to say. "It's a lot quicker." **END**



Ohlmeyer, the godfather of TV *Skins*, monitored his baby's progress from the truck.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL

by Douglas S. Looney

ART OF PERSUASION

Ty Smith, who coaches the outside linebackers at Florida, gets our vote as the alltime best recruiter. Seems that in 1984 Smith went to Jacksonville with his heart set on landing Jason Lamberth, a nifty linebacker for Parker High School. Trouble was, others were also keen on Lamberth. But Smith persevered and got him.

During one visit to the Lamberth home, Smith happened to notice pictures hanging on the wall of Jason's three good-looking sisters. He learned that one was not married and that she was a nurse. After calling several hospitals in Jacksonville, Smith finally located the unattached Lamberth sister, Dorla. On the night Jason signed with Florida, Dorla and Ty met. Says Dorla of her initial impression, "There was no great romance."

But, again, Smith persevered. Six months later, in the summer of '85, they were married, which meant that Smith would coach his new brother-in-law. Says Smith of Jason, a sometime starter who finished his second season on Saturday, "There are times he'd like to choke me."

Jesse Lamberth, father of Ja-

son and Dorla, says of Smith, "He got my son. He got my daughter. I finally told [head coach] Galen [Hall] not to let him get my wife."

PUTTING A RIBBON ON THE YEAR . . .

. . . or wrapping up the season with the good, the bad, the ugly and the real ugly.

• **BEST GAME.** On Oct. 4, with 1:15 left, San Jose State trailed Fresno State 41-31. San Jose miraculously won 45-41 with 18 seconds to spare, after Spartan quarterback Mike Perez threw for 433 yards. The victory snapped Fresno's 11-game winning streak, the longest in the nation. Runner-up: Notre Dame's 38-37 win over USC.

• **BIGGEST BORE.** The Heisman race that never was.

• **BONEHEAD TELEVISION DECISION.** For the first time since 1968 the Ivy League title came down to a final game between two teams undefeated in conference play, Penn and Cornell. But public television instead aired a battle of those 3-7 giants, Harvard and Yale.

• **MOST CANDOR BY A PLAYER.** Oklahoma quarterback Jamelle Holieway on Mi-

ami coach Jimmy Johnson's not wanting to give the Sooners a rematch in the Orange Bowl: "What does he have to prove? He's beaten us two times."

• **MOST CANDOR BY A COACH.** Washington State's Jim Walden on the archrival Washington Huskies: "I admire them, I respect them, but I hate them."

• **BEST STAT.** Penn State's 15 fifth-year seniors will be participating in their third national championship game.

• **STATS THAT LIED THE MOST.** In the UCLA-Oregon State game the Bruins had 22 first downs, the Beavers 23; the Bruins gained 393 yards, the Beavers 380. UCLA won 49-0.

• **UNIVERSITY PREZ WITH BEST GRASP OF LIMITATIONS.** Colorado's Gordon Gee, who says, "To keep a university community happy, the president is supposed to provide football tickets for the alumni, parking for the faculty and sex for the students. I have been unable to do any of them."

• **WORST BOWL GAME.** The Liberty. Through careful planning it was able to match 6-5 Tennessee, which got drilled 25-21 by lackluster Army, and 6-5 Minnesota, which was upended 24-20 by tiny Pacific and edged 63-0 by Oklahoma.

• **BEST BOWL.** Please.

• **HOTTEST ISSUE.** A long-overdue playoff system.

• **MOST OVERRATED TEAM.** Nebraska. Any team that chokes the way the Huskers did in their 20-17 loss to the Sooners should bag its head.

• **WORST GAME OF THE YEAR.** A tie between all of Houston's games and all of Cal's games. Honorable mention: Missouri 48, Kansas 0.

• **MOST EMBARRASSING CONFERENCE (BEHAVIOR DIVISION).** Southwest. Do SWC

schools not know right from wrong, or do they just not care?

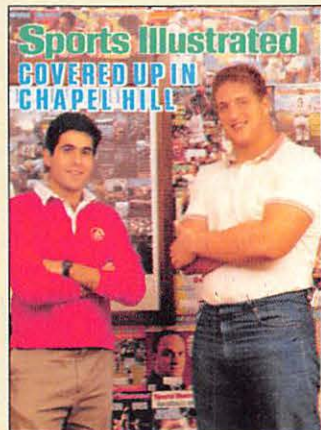
• **WEAKEST EFFORT (BY A GROUP).** Missouri, Kansas State and Kansas were 0-9 in the Big Eight against Oklahoma, Colorado and Nebraska and were outscored 436-55 in those games.

• **COACH OF THE YEAR.** Any

COVER BOYS

When offensive tackle Harris Barton and kicker Lee Gliarmis arrived at North Carolina five years ago, they decided to put *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED* covers on their walls each week of the school year. The players are still roommates and, as of last week, had 156 SI covers displayed.

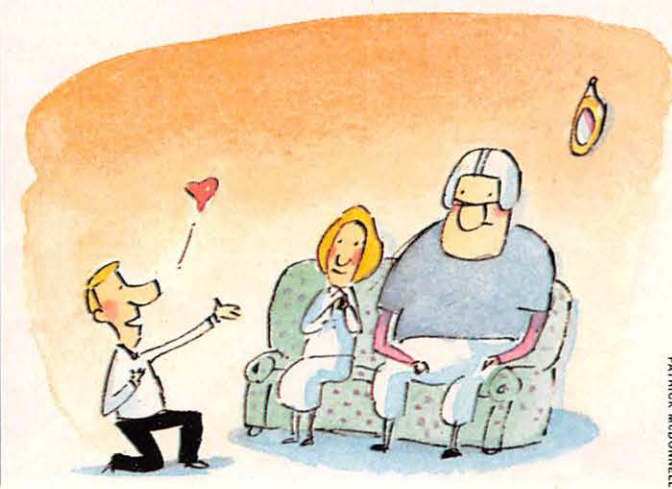
"So many people come by to see this," says Gliarmis, "that we were thinking about charging admission. We would have sent you a residual, of course."



Cover boys Gliarmis (left), Barton.

Of course. We believe in you.

"All this," says Gliarmis, "represents what was going on in the world of sports while we've been here." When they graduate, Gliarmis says that he thinks they'll burn the covers and scatter the ashes lovingly over Kenan Stadium. Ouch.



PATRICK McDONNELL

coach who can win two games at Northwestern is extraordinary, and three wins almost makes him a legend. Francis Peay won four. Brilliant. Runner-up: North Carolina State's Dick Sheridan, who took a team from 3-8 in 1985 to 8-2-1. Third: Boston College's Jack Bicknell, who after a 1-3 start directed the Eagles to seven straight wins.

● **WORST COACH OF THE YEAR.** Maryland's Bobby Ross, who had fine players and no excuses for stumbling to a 5-5-1 record. Runner-up: Tennessee's Johnny Majors.

● **BEST IDEA OF THE YEAR.** Alabama coach Ray Perkins's suggestion that the four all-time winningest teams in college football—Alabama, Michigan, Notre Dame and Texas—work out a round-robin competition over a six-year period. Wonderful. Runner-up: Two South Carolina state senators have introduced a bill that would prohibit any more tie games between South Carolina and Clemson. This year's game ended 21-21.

● **MOST SURPRISING TEAM.** Virginia Tech, which is going to the Peach Bowl with an 8-2-1 record. That naturally explains, of course, why the Hokies fired coach Bill Dooley.

● **MOST FUN TEAM TO PLAY FOR.** Arizona. On Sunday the Wildcats closed their regular season against Stanford in Tokyo. On Dec. 27 they will play North Carolina in the Aloha Bowl in Honolulu. These trips more than make up for having to go to Pullman to play Washington State.

● **HOORAY FOR THE PLAYERS AWARD.** The parents of Penn State senior fullback Tim Manoa live in Hawaii and had never seen their son play college ball. So his teammates collected



Spleen's pupils asked for—and got—words of wisdom from some top stars.

more than \$800 and flew the Manoa in for the final game, against Pitt.

● **BIGGEST UPSET.** Miami of Ohio 21, LSU 12.

● **I'M THE COACH AND YOU'RE THE PLAYER AWARD.** After Auburn tailback Brent Fullwood had gained 179 yards against Mississippi State, he

asked coach Pat Dye if he could go back in to try for 200 yards. Said Dye, "When you wake up in the morning, you'll still have 179 yards."

● **DUM QUOTE OF THE YEER.** Douglas S. Looney in Sept. 29 SI: "Our new love is Iowa. Hey, Hawks, you are a big-time power, and we won't forsake you." Turns out the 8-3 Hawks were only a little-time power, and we forsook them in a New York minute.

SI TOP 20

What a grand Top 4 we have: a 42-2 combined record and only one embarrassing loss, Michigan's crummy upset by crummy Minnesota. Praise be your consistency, guys. We can't figure you, Stanford. You lose to Cal, arguably the worst team in the land, and then rip up Arizona, one of the best. What gives? In the spirit of the season, UCLA gets reinvented to our elite—barely.

1. MIAMI (11-0)	1*
2. PENN STATE (11-0)	2
3. OKLAHOMA (10-1)	3
4. MICHIGAN (10-1)	4
5. LSU (9-2)	5
6. ARIZONA STATE (9-1-1)	7
7. ARKANSAS (9-2)	8
8. TEXAS A & M (9-2)	9
9. NEBRASKA (9-2)	10
10. OHIO STATE (9-3)	11
11. BAYLOR (8-3)	12
12. AUBURN (9-2)	14
13. WASHINGTON (8-2-1)	15
14. STANFORD (8-3)	20
15. N.C. STATE (8-2-1)	16
16. ARIZONA (8-3)	6
17. BOSTON COLLEGE (8-3)	17
18. CLEMSON (7-2-2)	18
19. VIRGINIA TECH (8-2-1)	—
20. UCLA (7-3-1)	—

*Ranking last week

PEN PALS, REAL PALS

In a time of too many downers in collegiate football, it was the perfect pick-me-up. This fall, Jack Spleen, a fourth-grade teacher at John S. Clarke Elementary in Pottsville, Pa., asked each of his students to write a letter to the college players of his or her choice. Each letter included eight questions, both light ("What are your favorite foods?") and serious ("What is your advice on becoming a success?"). Amazingly—or perhaps not—65 players (approximately 90%) responded. Many not only filled out the questionnaire, but also wrote letters.

Miami's Vinny Testaverde penned a three-page letter to Pat Ginter, 9, that had such sage advice as: "There are a lot of people in this world who are successful. Not all of these people become successful feeling good about themselves." He also wrote, "Don't ever be

afraid to ask for help. Only dumb people don't ask questions." Most significant, in closing Testaverde said, "Please write back to let me know how you and your class are doing."

Pat and his friends did just that. They sent a cassette tape of the class singing happy birthday to the Miami QB (he was 23 on Nov. 13) and asked him a few more questions. This time Testaverde responded with a five-page letter.

But this wasn't just the Vinny Testaverde Letter Writing Show. Penn State quarterback John Shaffer counseled, "Don't ever worry about failing. It's those who never try who never fail." Alabama's Mike Shula wrote, as did Ohio State's Jim Karsatos, Notre Dame's Wally Kleine, Colorado State's Steve Bartalo, Arizona State's Jeff Van Raaphorst and Oregon's Chris Miller. The players predictably advised against drugs, often citing what has become

PLAYERS OF THE WEEK

OFFENSE: In Notre Dame's 38-37 win over USC, Irish junior flanker Tim Brown amassed 252 total yards, including a 56-yard punt return to set up the winning field goal.

DEFENSE: In Auburn's 21-17 victory over Alabama, Tiger junior linebacker Kurt Crain led the defense with 22 tackles (14 unassisted), to raise his season total to a team-high 158.

the nation's best-known caveat: "Just Say No." Said Michigan's Jim Harbaugh, "Drugs never benefit anyone."

Spleen was overjoyed with the response. "This really accentuates the positive, doesn't it?" he said. "And it meant so much to the kids."

END

HOCKEY

by Bob Kravitz

It seemed like any other Saturday at the Carpenter household in Upper Marlboro, Md. Bobby added antifreeze to the Chevy Blazer. Bobby played with Britta, his one-year-old Rottweiler. Bobby and his wife, Julie, entertained relatives who had come down from New England for the Thanksgiving weekend. All the usual stuff.

Except for one thing. Carpenter, 23, the sixth-year center for the Washington Capitals and the first American to score 50 goals in the National Hockey League, had been fired earlier in the week. Terminated. Sacked. Pink-slipped. Booted. It happened after Monday's practice, and since then he had been up for auction.

Collecting the bids was Caps general manager David Poile, the man who had sent Carpenter packing.

While Carpenter was worrying about radiator freeze-up, his ex-teammates were in Quebec City trying to break out of their own deep freeze—a nine-game winless streak that had dropped them into next to last place in the Patrick Divi-

Down and out for the Caps' Can't Miss Kid

Ex-hero Bobby Carpenter wore out his welcome in Washington

sion, with a 7-12-5 record. "I like the guys on the team, but I'd be stupid if I said I was hoping they won," said the bitter Carpenter. "If they lost 10 more, it wouldn't faze me a bit."

According to Poile and coach Bryan Murray, Carpenter's sour attitude is part of the reason he was put on the block. They say he could not be motivated and that he made it clear he wanted to go elsewhere. Carpenter contends that he never requested a trade and that the Caps, who placed third in the overall NHL standings last season, are "making me the scapegoat for the terrible start this season." The only thing the two sides agree on is that a parting of the ways is best for both.

The divorce was a long time coming. Labeled "The Can't-Miss Kid" as a Massachusetts high school star in 1981, Carpenter scored 32, 32 and 28 goals in his first three seasons and became a cornerstone of the improving Capitals. Then, in 1984-85 all the expectations were met: Carpenter scored 53 goals. That summer he opted for free agency, but no team was willing to meet his price—and compensate the Caps in turn. Carpenter eventually signed a four-year contract with the Caps for an estimated \$1.3 million. But he showed up overweight at training camp and then suffered several nagging injuries. The result was a disappointing 27 goals for the season and 39 fewer points than the previous year. This fall, although Carpenter came to camp in the best shape of his life, the slump continued. He had only five goals and seven assists after 22 games.

Suddenly the Can't-Miss Kid was the Can't-Play Kid, puttering around the house waiting for word of a trade. "Six years ago I could never have imagined it would be like this," Carpenter says. "The game isn't fun anymore, that's for sure."

Carpenter and Murray have been at odds for all five years of Murray's tenure. "I know Bryan didn't particularly like me, and there were things that made me not like him," says Carpenter. "He didn't like the way I came up through the ranks . . . the fact that I didn't spend any time in the minors. Like he thought I'd become too big for my breeches and said, 'O.K., I'm going to show this guy who's boss.'"

Murray, whose Caps have finished with more than 100 points in three of his

continued



A 53-goal scorer in 1984-85, Carpenter was in a slump when the Caps gave him the boot.

*Dennis Gentry
Chicago Bears Wide Receiver*

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*— State Farm Agent
Mary Graham
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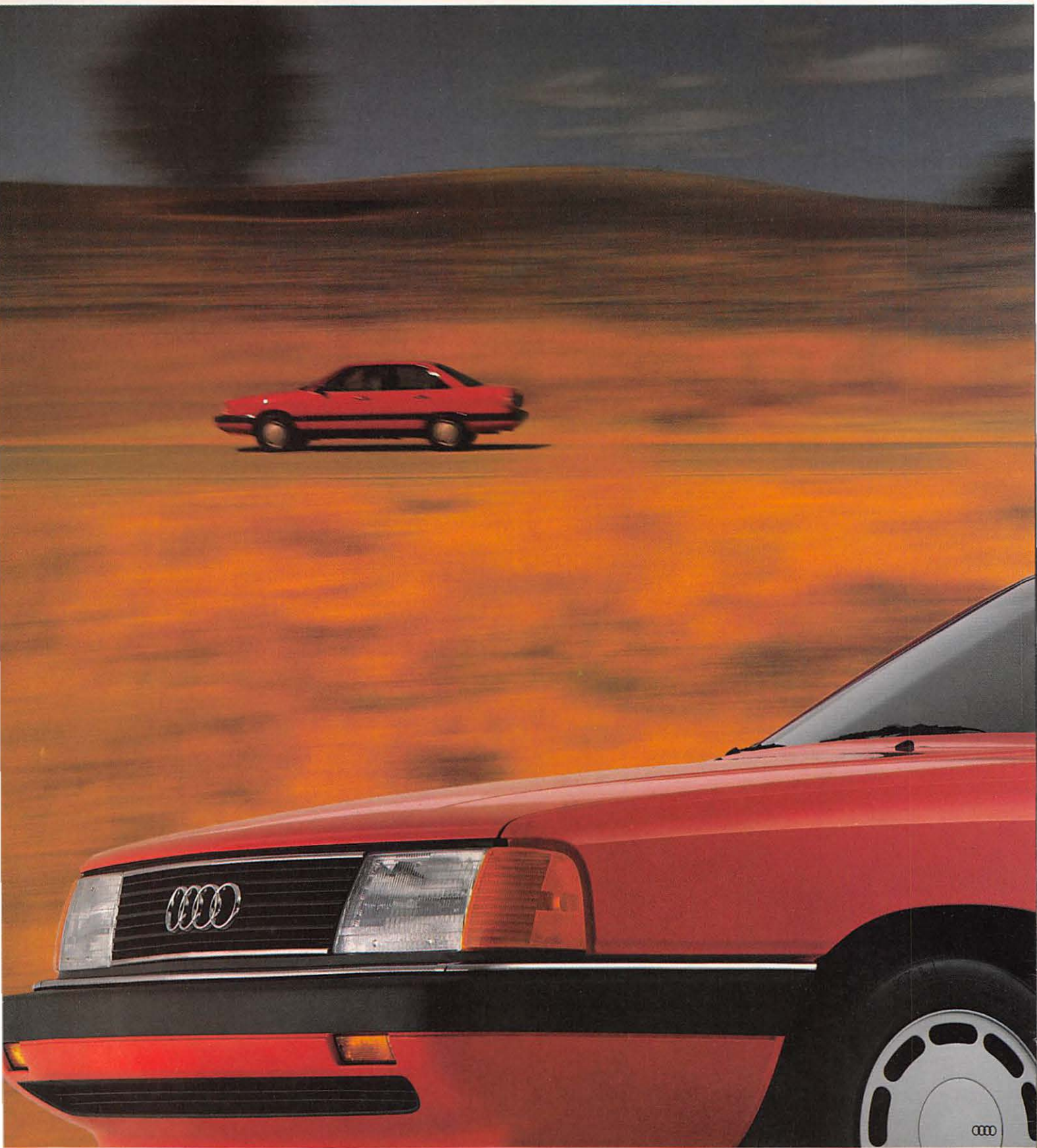


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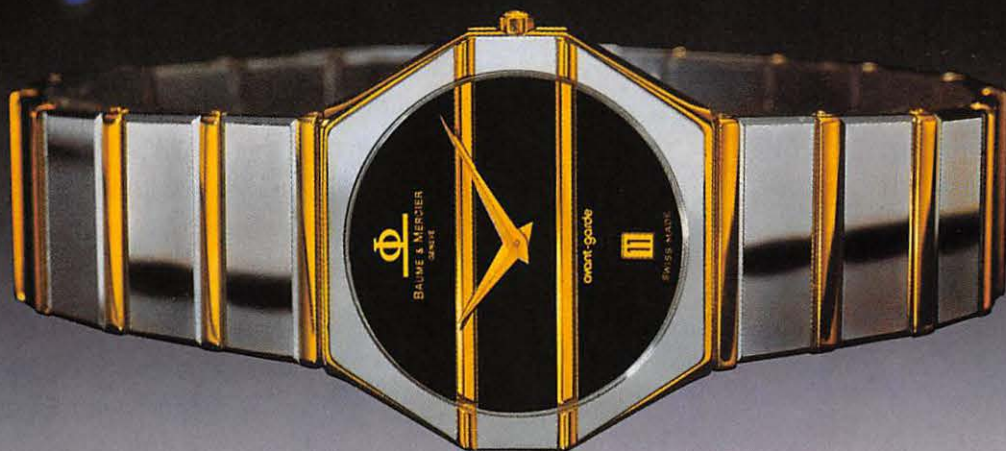


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four full seasons, yet have failed to advance past the division playoffs, rolls his eyes when he hears of Carpenter's charges. "I had no personality problems with Bobby, and I can say that we've done absolutely everything to accommodate him," he says. "There have been so many meetings [with Carpenter]—about ice time, linemates, *everything*. We just couldn't get him to make the same commitment that he had two years ago."

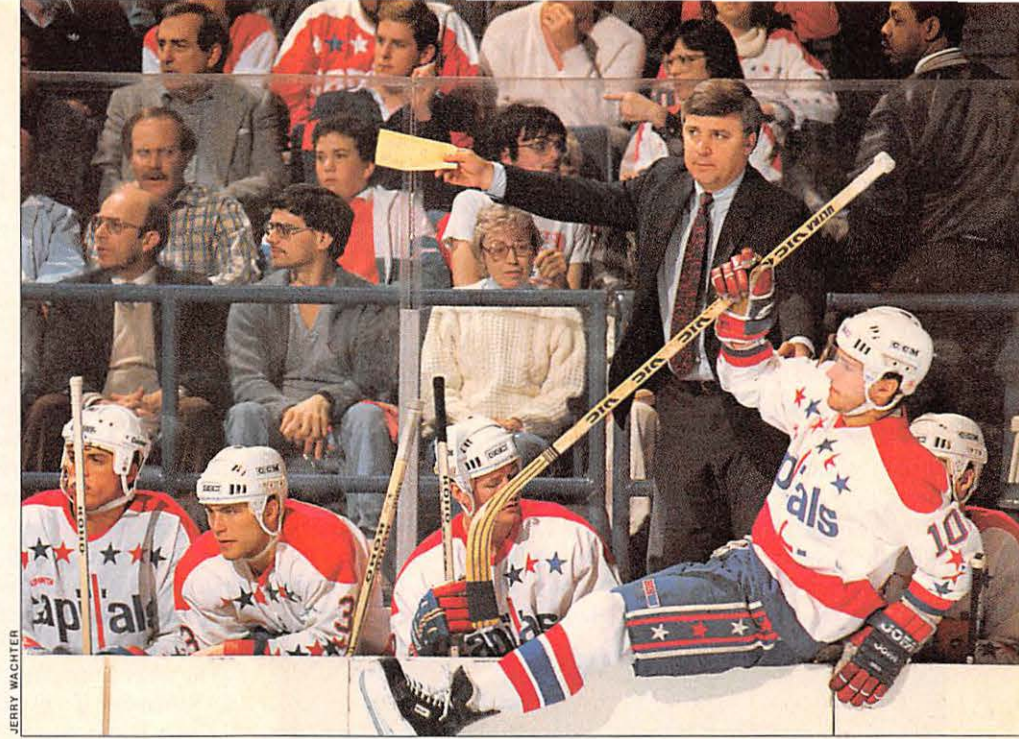
It all came to a head at that Monday practice. Murray told Carpenter that he would be taking double shifts, working with Jim Thomson and Lou Franceschetti—who are fourth-line players and have three goals between them—in addition to playing on the No. 1 line with Mike Gartner, his regular partner at right wing. Carpenter now says he thought he would be playing *only* on the Thomson-Franceschetti shift, but according to Murray, Carpenter had appeared pleased at the time. "We were giving him more ice time," says Murray. "He seemed happy when I told him, but in the next breath I heard he was upset about it."

Says Carpenter, "It just shows that they don't have any respect and don't want me here."

Though Carpenter denies it and Poile refuses to comment, Murray says that when practice began, a member of the Caps organization overheard Carpenter repeatedly muttering, "I've got to get out of this *bleeping* organization." "Had I heard that," says Murray, "I would have thrown him off the ice."

After practice, Carpenter was called to Poile's office. "I asked Bobby, 'Can your play improve under the current circumstances?' and he didn't give me the confidence that that would happen," says Poile. "We discussed whether it would be beneficial to the Caps and to Bobby if we parted company. My judgment was that if Bobby didn't want to be here I felt more comfortable if he didn't practice or play until we made a trade."

Carpenter does not dispute the content of his meeting with Poile but he thinks it was part of a long-term effort to force him to say he wanted out. "There were at least five or six meetings this season when David asked me if I wanted to be traded," says Carpenter. "Obviously he was looking for me to say that. He asked me a bunch of times, 'Bobby, would a change of scenery do you good?' and I said, 'No, I don't think so.' Then he asked again and again, and finally I said,



Before the final blowup, Murray planned to put Carpenter (10) on the ice for double shifts.

"Well, I don't know, maybe yes, maybe no.' They were putting words into my mouth. I never said I wanted a trade. We just bought a new house. Why would I want to leave?"

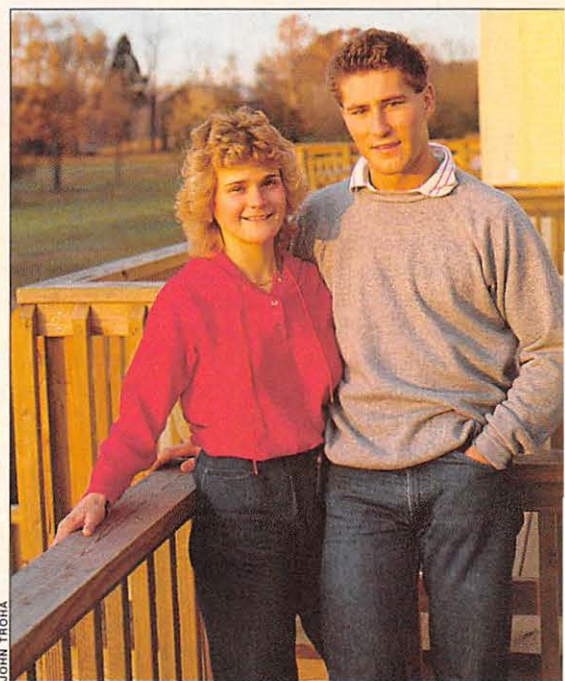
But leave he will. Where Carpenter will end up has been a hot topic of speculation. Fifty-goal scorers don't come on the market every day. Of course, Poile is trying to sell Carpenter as a 50-goal scorer, but the general managers to whom he has been talking know that 1) Carpenter has averaged only 30 goals in four of his five seasons; 2) Carpenter is in the midst of a season-and-a-half-long slump; and 3) Carpenter is no longer of any use to the Caps. A trade to another Patrick Division team is very unlikely because the Caps don't need someone with Carpenter's potential coming back to haunt them. Equally unlikely is a deal with a Canadian team, which would have to pay Carpenter the inflated exchange rate on his already hefty contract (\$1.3 million U.S. converts to \$1.8 million Canadian). The most active bidders apparently have been Adams Division rivals Boston and Buffalo.

Carpenter, who grew up in Peabody, Mass., some 15 miles from Boston, says he has no preference; he just wants the trade to be made soon. So does Murray, who needs something to jolt his team out of its swoon. "I think there were other people, other influences in Bobby's life, who have very high expectations of him," he says. "Whether it's his father [Bob Sr., a Peabody policeman and a

part-time Caps scout] or his agent [Bob Murray], I don't know. One minute, he's saying how brutal he thinks he's playing, and a minute later he's talking about ice time or linemates or something. It's hard to figure."

Says Carpenter, "I'm going to have to go somewhere else and prove myself all over again. I don't know if I'll ever score 50 again, but there's no question I'll be a success in another city. It's just too bad it had to end this way."

END



Bobby and Julie are now stay-at-homes.

INSIDE BASEBALL

by Peter Gammons

A HARD WINTER FOR FREE AGENTS?

There was a time when baseball officials gathered at the winter meetings to talk trades, with a little business thrown in. But when this year's meetings begin Dec. 6 in Hollywood, Fla., they'll be talking business first

one may be the second most important." The owners stayed together and resisted a bidding war for last year's only big-name free agent, Kirk Gibson. They maintain that they will exercise the same self-control this winter. Not only do the clubs hope to impose a ceiling on sal-

more money by going to arbitration in successive years than by accepting Detroit's two-year offer of \$2.5 million. How much is Morris worth to Tiger owner and pizza mogul Tom Monaghan? Well, last month Monaghan paid \$8.1 million for a 1931 Bugatti Royale Berline De Voyage. That's a car.

The next important date is Jan. 8, because if a player's former club hasn't signed him by then, it cannot re-sign him until May 1. If the players want to find out just how adamant the owners really are, Morris or Raines will have to let the Jan. 8 deadline slip by and hope there will be open, megabucks bidding for his services. That is a big gamble because the owners appear unified. The remaining hope for free agents would be a barrage of litigation tied to the collusion grievance, possibly followed by an attempt to get Congress to eliminate baseball's antitrust exemption.

"We went through a decade of wild inflation," says one agent. "Now we're entering a new era. The ride is over, and the owners are dead serious. We just have to accept that contracts are going to be shorter and tied to performance. Eddie Murray probably got the last five-year contract. I don't know what's taken them so long to become businessmen."

And in a couple of years, when players no longer have no-trade provisions and long-term contracts are a thing of the past, the winter meetings will again be a marketplace for trades. Next week, however, the most common phrase will be "Let's wait until spring training." In fact, most teams figure to check out of Hollywood on Wednesday, two days earlier than usual.

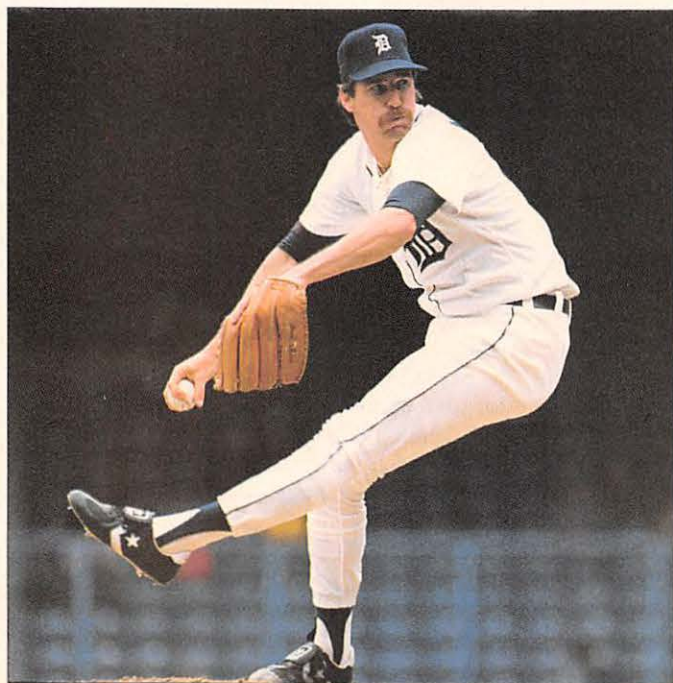
THE TRADE WINDS BLOW SOFTLY

There are still a few clubs that seem willing to make a deal:

The Mets want righthanded power in leftfield, but they will not give up any of their five starting pitchers. A deal for San Diego's Kevin McReynolds simmers with a number of variations; utilityman Kevin Mitchell, centerfielder Stanley Jefferson and a minor league pitcher (John Mitchell or Dave West) for McReynolds is the latest rumor. Switch-hitting Chili Davis can be landed, reportedly for Jefferson and a pitcher. Believe it or not, the Mets were offered Harold Baines and Ozzie Guillen by the White Sox, but New York would have had to decimate its farm system.

The Yankees now have a frontline starter in Rick Rhoden, who was finally traded by the Pirates—along with relievers Cecilio Guante and Pat Clements—for young pitchers Brian Fisher, Doug Drabek and Logan Easley. They'll now send catcher Butch Wynegar to California for pitcher Ron Romanick, then try to make a deal for another starter such as Oakland's Jose Rijo or Seattle's Matt Young. Owner George Steinbrenner would like to deal Dave Winfield, but don't expect Winfield to waive his 10/5 rights and leave New York. There was a published report that Steinbrenner, Morris and Moss met for dinner last Wednesday night in New York. In reality, Morris was eating tuna casserole in Detroit, Moss was in Los Angeles, and Steinbrenner was in Tampa. The Yankees say they will not bid.

The Blue Jays have three tremendous outfield prospects in Rob Ducey, Glenallen (Thrill) Hill and Silvestre Campusano,



RONALD G. MORRIS

Sales pitch from Detroit: Is an '87 Morris worth as much as a '31 Bugatti?

and personnel second. And the names most often mentioned won't be of the trade bait variety, but superstar free agents—Jack Morris, Tim Lincecum, Lance Parrish, Bob Horner and Andre Dawson. If the owners can resist temptation on this crop, they think they can end the days of inflated salaries and long-term contracts.

"Ten winters ago, after the Messersmith Decision was handed down [effectively creating free agency], that was the most important off-season in baseball history," says agent Tom Reich, who represents both Parrish and Raines. "This

aries, but they also want to limit the length of contracts to three years for everyday players and two years for pitchers.

The Major League Players Association's grievance charging the owners with collusion probably won't be heard until the spring, so between now and then the owners will be in a tug-of-war with powerful agents such as Reich and Dick Moss. Clubs that want to sign their free-agent players must file for salary arbitration by Dec. 7. The players must reply by Dec. 19. While most of the big-name players will refuse, Morris, for one, might make

so they do not lack for trade bait. The Jays are trying to get pitching and catching by dangling outfielder Lloyd Moseby, second baseman Damaso Garcia and first baseman Willie Upshaw. They offered Moseby to Kansas City for pitcher Danny Jackson and are talking to Seattle about starter Young, Mike Moore or both. Moseby for Minnesota's Frank Viola is a possibility.

The Royals don't know if Steve Balboni's back will be strong enough to let him play. George Brett has had a shoulder operation. So K.C. wants to deal a pitcher for a No. 4 or No. 5 hitter, a shortstop and perhaps a catcher. Cincinnati turned down Mark Gubicza for shortstop Kurt Stillwell and an outfield prospect. It's expected that Jackson, Gubicza or Bret Saberhagen will go.

The Mariners will probably be active, and they may trade Danny Tartabull because they don't like his work habits. First baseman Alvin Davis, Moore, Young and even third baseman Jim Presley are all touchable if Seattle can get a centerfielder, pitching and more infielders.

The Reds, with such young players as Barry Larkin, Eric



Baines was offered to the champions.

BALLPARK FIGURES

These are the pitchers who received the most and the least support per start in each league in '86:

THE MOST

AL		NL	
PITCHER, CLUB	RUNS PER	PITCHER, CLUB	RUNS PER
1. Clemens, Bos.....	6.09	1. Rawley, Phil.....	5.65
2. Mason, Tex.....	6.09	2. Trout, Chi.....	5.24
3. Rasmussen, NY.....	5.84	3. Fernandez, NY.....	5.16
4. Cerutti, Tor.....	5.70	4. LaCoss, SF.....	5.16
5. Boyd, Bos.....	5.50	5. Krukow, SF.....	5.09

THE LEAST

AL		NL	
PITCHER, CLUB	RUNS PER	PITCHER, CLUB	RUNS PER
1. Jackson, KC.....	2.93	1. Sutcliffe, Chi.....	3.26
2. Bannister, Chi.....	3.30	2. Welch, LA.....	3.27
3. Saberhagen, KC.....	3.32	3. Cox, StL.....	3.44
4. Seaver, Chi-Bos.....	3.64	4. Mathews, StL.....	3.45
5. Heaton, Cle-Minn.....	3.66	5. Dravecky, SD.....	3.46

Davis and Kal Daniels, are a team for which a No. 1 starter could mean two or three NL West titles. They've talked to Atlanta about Zane Smith and to Kansas City about one of its starters. Stillwell, Nick Esasky and Eddie Milner are available.

The Braves are in worse shape than Bobby Cox realized when he took over as G.M. a year ago. They finished last with the league's highest payroll, and now Cox will try to resign free agents Horner, Doyle Alexander and David Palmer. He needs a leadoff hitter like Milner or Cleveland's Brett Butler, but all he has to offer is Zane Smith, who failed to win his last 12 starts.

The Padres will be a very different ball club under new manager Larry Bowa. Benito Santiago has replaced catcher Terry Kennedy, who was traded to the Orioles for pitcher Storm Davis. Joey Cora will likely move up to take over second. Trader Jack McKeon is trying

to deal McReynolds and a pitcher for a third baseman and a centerfielder who can run. He has discussed Brook Jacoby with Cleveland, Carney Lansford with Oakland and Tim Wallach with Montreal. In the meantime his first baseman, Steve Garvey, is acting as a broker for a group that wants to buy the team from Joan Kroc.

THE DODGERS' ECONOMY DRIVE

Dodger president Peter O'Malley sent out a memo last week informing employees that there will be no raises, no Christmas bonuses and no travel except by supersavers (unless authorization is given to ride coach). Said one employee, "We're still a first-class operation. We're just not flying that way." ... Don't hold your breath on the Winfield-for-Orel Hershisier rumors, because the Dodgers' pitching is already thin. ... The Dodgers were contacted about

a spring training tryout by—yes—Steve Howe. ... Look for the Orioles to sign a utilityman like Rick Burleson to back up either Billy Ripken or Pete Stanicek (who had 77 stolen bases at Hagerstown) at second base next season. ... The Red Sox are trying to re-sign free agents Tom Seaver and Joe Sambito, and they're also interested in signing outfielders Juan Beniquez and Danny Heep. ... Ted Williams was inducted into the Texas Baseball Hall of Fame last week. It was not, however, a festive occasion. Williams, who managed the Rangers for one season, never responded to numerous attempts by Hall officials to contact him even though he signed for two registered letters that included travel information. So his plaque now reads: "Presented to Ted Williams, 1st Inductee into the Texas Baseball Hall of Shame."

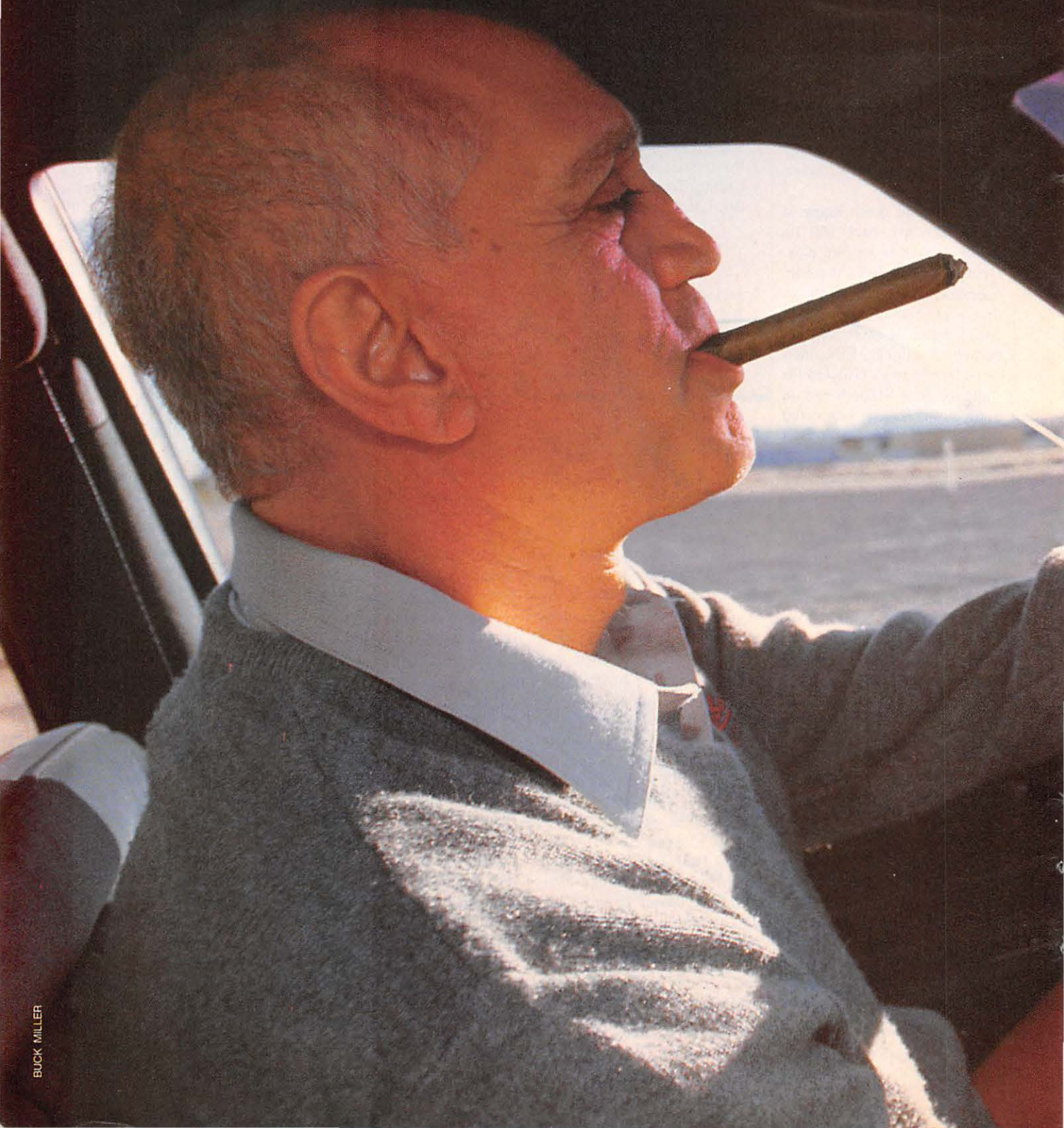


Happy 45th birthday to a fine glove.

For not respecting an honor bestowed upon him by Texas. For ignoring Texans who were trying to seek a simple answer. For a preference to fishing instead of baseball ... and for not respecting an unwritten Texas law: Don't mess with Texans."

END

REBEL WITH



A CAUSE

A photograph of a person driving a car, viewed from the passenger side. The driver's hands are on the steering wheel, and they are wearing a grey sweater, a gold watch, and a ring. The car's interior, including the dashboard and rearview mirror, is visible. The background shows a sunset or sunrise over a cityscape, with the sun low on the horizon, creating a lens flare effect.

Jerry Tarkanian, Nevada-Las Vegas's combative basketball coach, won't let the NCAA or any of his other detractors alter his controversial ways

by PETE DEXTER

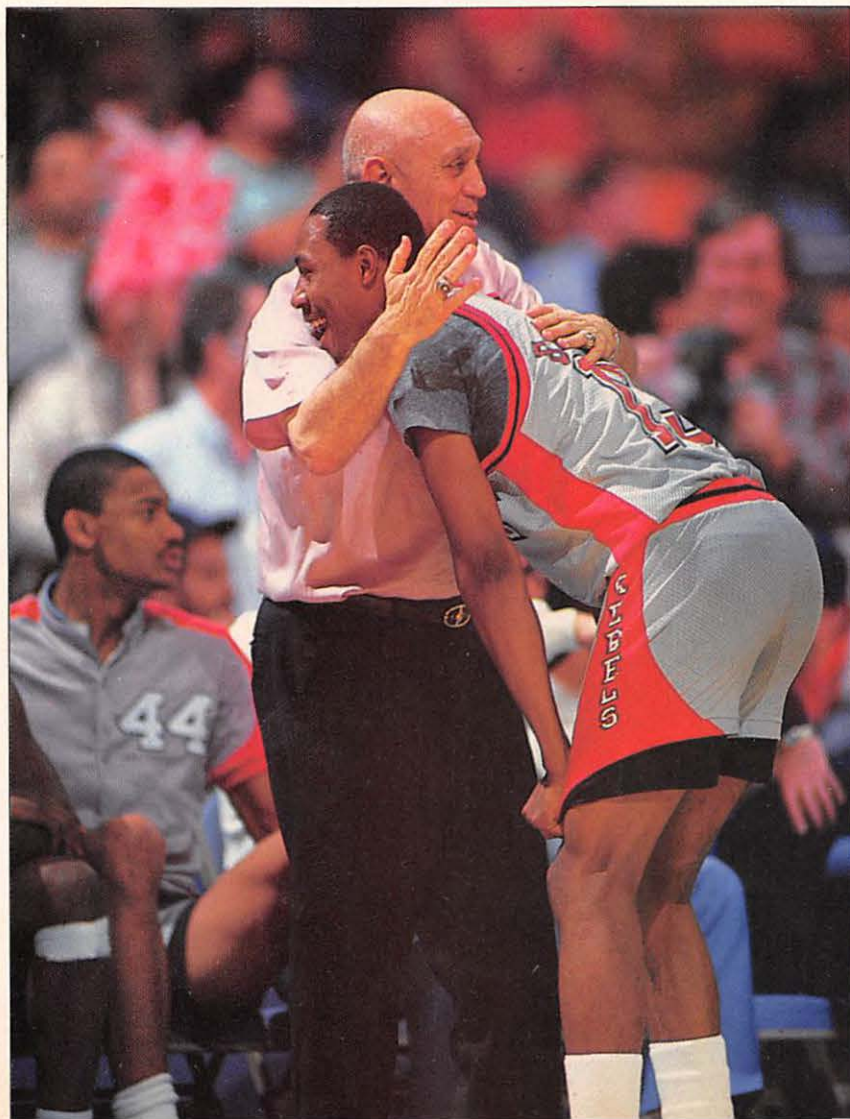
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For the past 14 years, basketball coach Jerry Tarkanian, 56, has been fighting a bitter battle against the NCAA and the forces of public opinion. In January 1974, nine months after Tarkanian left Long Beach State for the University of Nevada at Las Vegas, the NCAA put Long Beach State's football and basketball programs on probation for violations the NCAA said were "among the most serious" it had ever considered. Two basketball players, Roscoe Pondexter and Glenn McDonald, were found to have fraudulent test scores. In 1977, citing 18 rules violations, the NCAA put UNLV's basketball program on probation and recommended that Tarkanian be suspended for two years from the school's athletic program. Tarkanian filed suit in Nevada's Eighth Judicial District Court, and Judge James Brennan granted an injunction to allow Tarkanian to remain in his job. In 1984, after a 10-day trial, Nevada District Judge Paul Goldman upheld that 1977 injunction, issuing a scathing denunciation of the NCAA's en-

forcement policies. Five weeks ago the Nevada Supreme Court heard oral arguments in the appeal.

Tarkanian remains a controversial figure. In February 1983, with UNLV vying for the No. 1 spot in the national polls, four coaches—St. John's Lou Carnesecca, Notre Dame's Digger Phelps, Washington's Marv Harshman and USC's Stan Morrison—omitted the Runnin' Rebels entirely from their ballots for the UPI's Top 20 amid speculation that those coaches regarded UNLV as an outlaw basketball school. But Tarkanian has his defenders. "I happen to like him," says George Raveling, the current coach at USC. "Some people think he's unethical. But I've recruited against him, and I've never seen it. He is willing to take a chance on the kid nobody else will, and I know he stood up for what he believed in."

Pete Dexter, a syndicated newspaper columnist and novelist, visited Las Vegas and found that Tarkanian does indeed stand up for what he believes.



At first glance, nothing seems to be alive in the desert, but a closer look will turn up some real surprises, growing right under our noses.

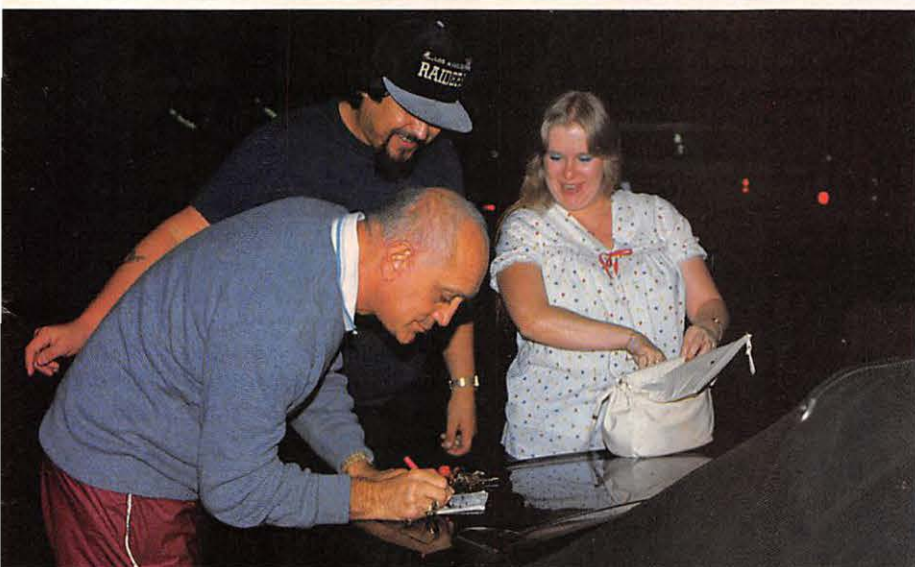
—MARLIN PERKINS

First of all, I cannot prove that Marlin Perkins said those exact words. That's the way I remember them, though, Sunday afternoon on Mutual of Omaha's *Wild Kingdom*. In fact, I remember calling my brother Tom into the living room. I said, "You better come in here, Marlin Perkins is about to get bit by a snake."

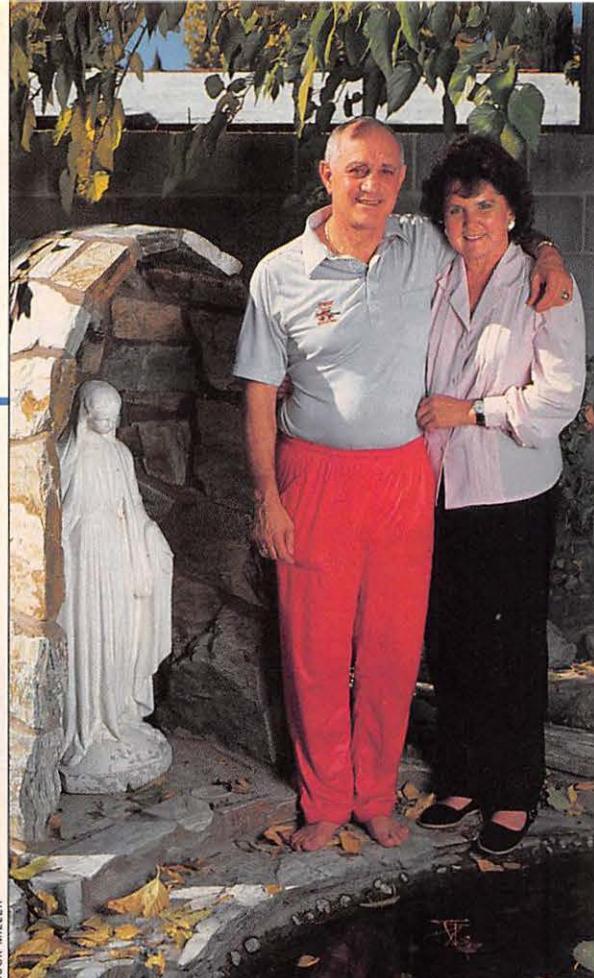
I only bring Tom into this because he was three times as smart as I was, went to the University of Chicago for about 14 years and doesn't know anything, either. Which, I think, just about polishes off higher education.

Anyway, 20 years after Marlin Perkins spoke words like those above, I find myself in just such a desert, in a Cadillac with the basketball coach of the Univer-

Tark (with Freddie Banks, a current Rebel guard) likes some teams and hates others.



BUCK MILLER



BUCK MILLER

sity of Nevada—Las Vegas, Jerry Tarkanian, who is more of a surprise than anything Marlin came up with that Sunday afternoon. We are following some unknown freeway that connects the university to Tarkanian's home in the West Charleston section of town when the subject of higher education comes up.

Now the plain truth is that Jerry Tarkanian and higher education do not cross-reference in anyone's dictionary. What they have together is a kind of marriage of convenience, which is not to say it is a marriage without passion. There is no kind of cheating Tarkanian has not been accused of publicly, and perhaps because of his response to those accusations—which is, essentially, *yeah, I mess around a little, everybody does*—he has been singled out as the godfather of college cheating.

"You ever wonder," he says, "the difference between some of those fancy places back East and a place like UNLV?"

I catch a glimpse of a bank's thermometer. One hundred and sixteen degrees. I take a stab. "Poodles die faster in parked cars here?"



"Naw, not dogs," he says. "The difference is that those are private schools. They don't have state support, they don't have to let anybody in to see what they're doin'. And they graduate people that can't *talk*. You cannot tell me that somebody that can't speak English is a legitimate graduate of a prestigious private university.

"You try that at a state university, there's half the professors that don't care

Lois (above, in their backyard garden with Tark) doesn't mind having to share her husband with his many fans or even with a certain blue-eyed fellow Las Vegas headliner.

about your [basketball] program, or they resent the money you get for it. You try that here and you get murdered."

The subject of graduation is worrisome to Tarkanian. Of the 67 lettermen who used all their eligibility in his 13 years at UNLV, only 17 have gotten diplomas. It is worrisome enough that he now has two full-time academic advisers on his staff responsible for keeping members of the basketball team academically eligible. One of the advisers tutors and counsels and meets with UNLV teachers. The other one, the "academic enforcer," knocks on doors and makes sure the players go to class. All six seniors on this season's team are on schedule to graduate by next summer.

"The way I look at it," Tarkanian says, "if you bring a kid in that can't read or write—somebody nobody else would touch—and you keep him here four, five years, teach him to follow the rules, make him responsible for what he does, and at the end, if he can read and write a little, you've done him a favor. Even if he doesn't have the piece of paper [the di-

continued

TARKANIAN

continued

ploma], you gave him a chance to straighten out. I don't see anything wrong with that."

Not all of his former players would agree. Some of them have blamed him because they don't have degrees or better jobs. "I told Tarkanian when he was recruiting me that the main thing to me was to get a degree," David McLucas, who played for Tarkanian at Long Beach State, said to PEOPLE magazine for an article in March 1984. "He said, 'Don't worry about it. We've got help. You'll get

for that. Look, college exploits athletes, that's a fact of life, but I don't think Tark ever did anything out of the ordinary. It's a trade-off. You trade your talent to the school for a shot at professional basketball or a chance at an education. Life is a trade-off, too. That's what work is.

"Everybody that ever played for him, that I know of, still likes him. I still think of him as my coach. There's always going to be a few guys that don't like somebody they played for, we're dealing with human beings here, you can't be close to ev-

"The program that guy runs, you'd think somebody would have to pull words like that out of his mouth with pliers. But that's how it works. The NCAA is always after some little guy, they never go after the big money-makers unless they're forced into it."

Of this last claim, David Berst, the NCAA's director of enforcement and a nemesis of Tarkanian's, says coolly, "The record, I think, indicates otherwise." But then, it is not impossible that at least some of Tarkanian's problems with the NCAA go back to a column he wrote in 1972 for the Long Beach Press-Telegram, while he was coaching at Long Beach State, in which he made much the same observation. The column provoked a letter from Warren S. Brown, former assistant executive director of the NCAA, to James T. (Jess) Hill of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association:

Dear Jess:

Enclosed for your leisure time reading is a copy of a newspaper article which I presume was written by Jerry Tarkanian. It always amuses me when successful coaches become instant authorities. As in the case of this article, such instant authorities reflect an obvious unfamiliarity with the facts. Tarkanian is no exception in this regard.

I wonder whether he considers [Long Beach State] in the "big money maker category."

Keep smiling.

Warren S. Brown



Tarkanian was a guest at the 1977 wedding of Louisville's Denny and Joyce Crum.

a degree. You'll start. You'll play pro ball. . . . My whole world ended when my eligibility ended in 1972 and I quit school. I was almost suicidal. I couldn't face my friends. I dropped out of society for a year."

According to PEOPLE, McLucas sensed "that he has been deprived of a future. . . . When I came out of my depression I realized I had to make something of myself. . . . But the next step in the company is closed to me because I don't have a degree."

The reader, of course, can assign as much blame to Tarkanian as he wants, but another of Tarkanian's former players, Reggie Theus, who now plays for the Sacramento Kings, says, "He never lied to me, at least that I remember. I get mad when I hear all that stuff, how he exploits his players. You came to the wrong place

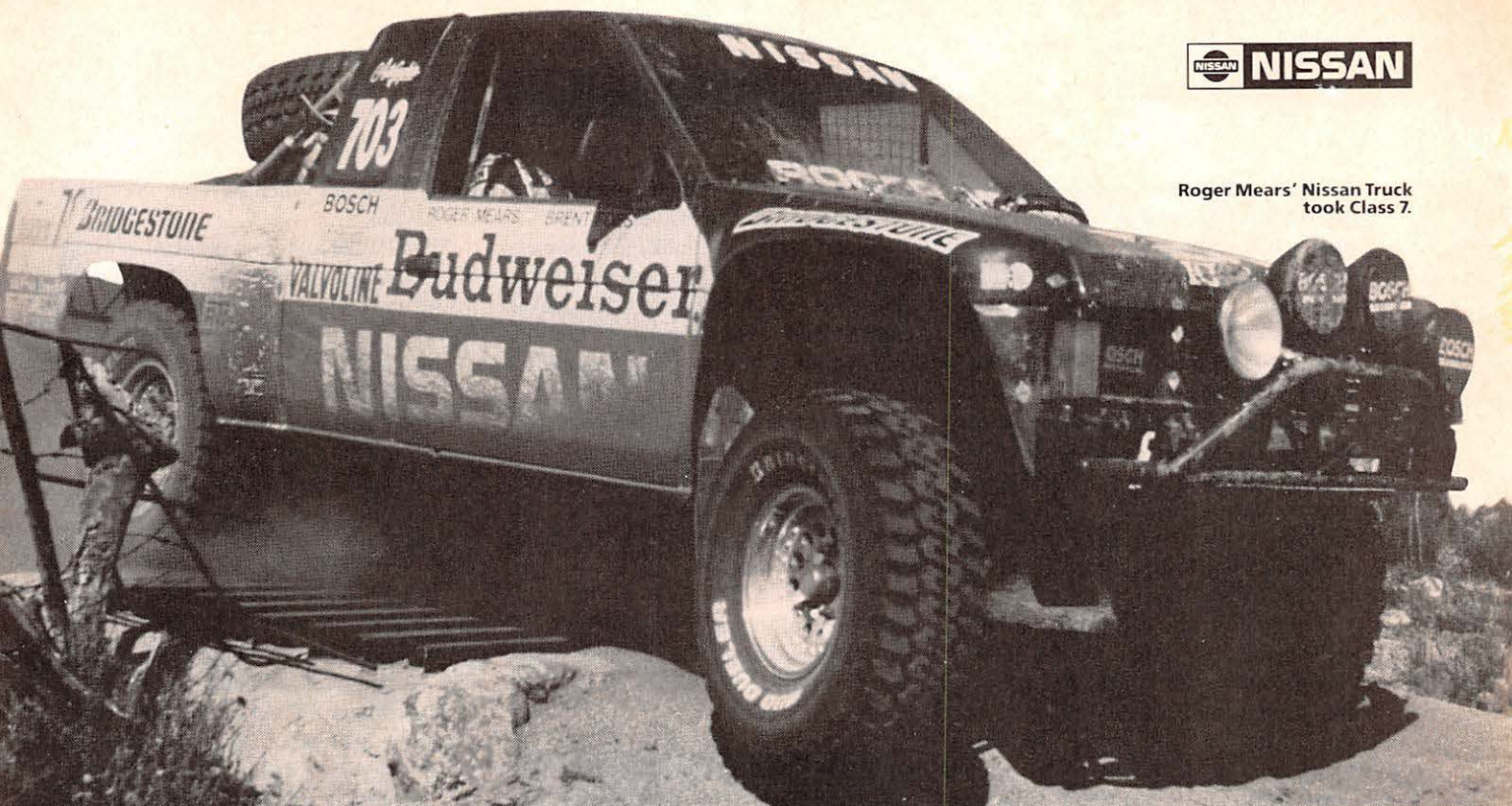
everybody. But the idea Tarkanian cheated his players is bull——."

"Every time I say something like 'You can help a kid without graduating him,' it gets me in trouble," Tarkanian says, shaking his head as he drives. "That's the biggest problem you got with education today, the hypocrisy. You say what you think, you get murdered. You talk like that guy [football coach and athletic director] Vince Dooley at Georgia, they [the NCAA] leave you alone, at least until some newspaper or magazine investigates the program and makes them come in. You ever heard Vince Dooley speak? About building character, preparing kids for life, teaching honesty and values? He says, 'My kids are the kind of kids you'd want to go out with your daughters.' I never had a kid yet I'd want going out with my daughters.

That letter was written in January 1973, and I do not think you can read it and believe Mr. Brown was smiling or amused. Shortly after it was written, Tarkanian became a subject of the official investigation of Long Beach State by the NCAA, which did not leave him alone when he went to Las Vegas. In 1977 the NCAA put UNLV on probation and recommended that the school suspend Tarkanian for two years.

The NCAA's recommendation to suspend Tarkanian led to nearly seven years of litigation and ended with Tarkanian embarrassing the NCAA in court. District Judge Paul Goldman, comparing the NCAA's investigative tactics to those of Adolf Eichmann and the Ayatollah Khomeini, upheld a previous injunction

continued



NISSAN

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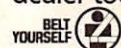
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THE NAME IS NISSAN

TARKANIAN

continued

preventing Tarkanian's suspension. The NCAA has appeared to be more careful about its investigations lately. Although Berst denies that any changes in his organization's enforcement procedures were made as a direct result of the UNLV proceedings, Tarkanian takes obvious relish in believing otherwise.

Tarkanian, driving through the outskirts of Las Vegas, shakes his head and says, "That might be my greatest contribution, making the NCAA change their methods. And it might be my biggest thrill, watching Warren Brown stutterin' in court, backing up. . . ."

Thrilling or not, Tarkanian has been stained for a long time with a dubious reputation in the minds of many of the game's purists. But Al McGuire, the broadcaster and former Marquette coach, says in his defense: "The trouble with Tarkanian is that he's Armenian and he's got those damn eyes, dark rings under them. And he works in Las Vegas. You hear Vegas and you think of gambling and the Mafia and cement shoes. Mother Teresa couldn't coach there without looking tainted. He is one of the finest defensive coaches in the country. He is one of the finest coaches, period. I've got no reason to say nice things about him, either. I don't run with him. If I see him once a year that's a lot. So many people judge you outwardly, and that's what hurt Tarkanian."

"I'd like to put all that NCAA stuff behind me now," Tarkanian says as he continues to drive while looking vaguely worried, as if something is missing. "I know you can't write something about me without going into all that, but there's a lot more to talk about than the NCAA. . . ." His voice trails off as he looks from one side to the other, and then into the rearview mirror. Where he sees Las Vegas.

"Aw," he says. "I missed a turn, didn't I? I'm always doing that, I start to think and I forget that I'm driving. I start worrying about basketball and I look up, I don't know where I am."

He sighs, smacks himself in the forehead and says, "You know there wasn't anybody in Long Beach would get into a car I was driving?"

On the way back to town I tell Tarkanian about me and my brother Tom, and I ask if he's ever considered the possibility that nobody learns anything at college,

anyway, except what they would learn a different way on the outside.

"Well," he says, "it took me six semesters to get through junior college and five more to get through Fresno State. Never missed a party. Then I met Lois, and she changed me. I got my master's—all A's and one B."

"You remember any of that stuff you had to learn?" I asked. "Anything?"

Tarkanian squints, thinking that over, driving past the turnoff again. "You know," he says, "I never looked at it like that."

Tarkanian's house is long and flat and set into the bend of a circular street of long and flat houses. It was part of



Tark's NCAA ordeal began when Brown (below) announced sanctions in 1974.



the deal he got when he took over the UNLV job.

"Until I came here," he says, getting out of the car, "I never once asked what my salary would be, any job I took. When I went to Long Beach I took a \$4,900 pay cut, and back then \$4,900 was 20 percent of what I made. I just wanted the job. The truth is, I am a very poor businessman. Anytime I get near money, things turn out bad. When I came here, though, the kids were growing up, we were getting older, and Lois and I decided we had to ask what we'd make."

"I didn't want to come here at all, at first. They called every day, and I told them no, and they'd call again the next day. At Long Beach, though, they'd never done much for me or the basketball program, even after the success we'd had—and what we did in Long Beach is still the alltime miracle." What Tarkanian did in Long Beach was inherit a losing team and, without money or big-time facilities, compile a 122-20 record over five years.

"I never had an office to myself, or a secretary, or any kind of budget to recruit. There were no boosters, the alumni were all 30 years old, no help at all. When they finally saw I was serious about UNLV, though, Long Beach couldn't do enough for me. They offered me an office and a secretary, and a job as public relations director for the *Queen Mary*. You know, the boat?"

"And I was going to stay there—I loved my team that year—but they pressured me for a decision, and then, when I called a press conference to say what I was going to do, the president of the school said I couldn't hold it on campus unless I was staying. That's what got me here."

"I called UNLV, and they said what did I want. Which is what they'd been saying all along. I'm not a big thinker. Everything I threw out, they said all right. It makes you wonder, later on, what you should have said you wanted."

That was March 1973.

Four days after Tarkanian left Long Beach, Brown of the NCAA sent a letter to that school notifying it of an "official inquiry" into the football and basketball programs. Nine months later, Long Beach was put on indefinite probation.

"They had football nailed," Tarkanian says. "They didn't have anything serious

continued

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TARKANIAN

continued

on [basketball], but the school tried to shift the blame on me after I left. I laughed when I first heard they were investigating us. We didn't have any money to buy players with. The cheerleaders were making sack lunches for the team on road games. . . ." Tarkanian apparently doesn't consider phony test scores to be serious.

Tarkanian opens the door and walks into the house and calls "Lois?" No answer. He moves from room to room, call-

barely got out, she had to ride on a horse. My wife knows more about it than me. It's too sad, I don't think about it. . . ."

His mother's name was Rose. She was Armenian. He does not know anything of her early life beyond the Turkish massacre. She came to the U.S. in the early '20s. His father was named George and worked in an automobile plant, and then he bought a little grocery store outside Cleveland that the family ran. George Tarkanian died when Jerry was 11, and

BUCK MILLER



When the Rebels play, the show at Thomas and Mack Center rivals anything on the Strip.

ing his wife's name, then opens the back door and calls her again. There is a large pool in back; behind it are piled huge slabs of granite. To one side of the pool is a statue of the Virgin Mary, who's got a little pool of her own.

"That's my wife's," he says. "She's very religious."

Lois Tarkanian comes into the house a few minutes later, carrying groceries, and Jerry is relieved to see her in a way that is out of proportion to the time she has been missing. He has depended on her a long time and in a lot of ways.

He refers questions about his own family's history to her, for instance, because it makes him sad to think of it himself. "The Turks massacred everybody but my mother," he'd said earlier. "She

Rose remarried and moved the family from Euclid, Ohio, to Pasadena. Jerry has a younger brother, Myron, with whom he is close, and an older sister, Alice, he rarely sees.

"My sister's one of those ladies that pull hair out of your face so it don't grow back," he says.

The brother is tennis coach at Pasadena City College.

And anything beyond that belongs to Lois.

Lois keeps track of all the business with the NCAA, probably all the other kinds of business, too. And all the details. Tonight she keeps Tarkanian from appearing at two different parties being held for politicians who are running against each other.

When she tells him that he says, "They are? Really?"

She is busy and quick, half out of breath, anticipating everything. In this way Lois resembles the teams Tarkanian puts on the basketball floor.

I am reminded, talking to her, that when she found Tarkanian, his only ambition was to coach basketball at Edison High in Fresno.

I am also reminded that this woman got Tarkanian through graduate school with almost straight A's.

You have to wonder what else.

A little while later I am standing at the window with her, looking out over the pool and the granite slabs piled on top of each other, trying to frame the question: How much of it has she done? It never gets asked, though, because in a moment I am choking back laughter.

"You should have been here the day they brought those rocks in," she says suddenly. "Jerry came home, he thought vandals had dumped them in the backyard. He was very upset. . . ."

"From the day I got to Las Vegas, I loved it," Tarkanian says. "Except I hated my team. I didn't even have a banquet for them at the end of the year. I got a philosophy: No banquet if I hate the team. We were being considered for the NIT that year, I told them to forget it. I couldn't stand to spend another two weeks with those guys. . . ."

Tarkanian is out on the freeway again, taking me back to my hotel. "But what I was saying, this is the greatest place in the world. You got super weather, it never rains. You can eat anytime you want to. You can go one way and get to the ocean, the other way you get to the mountains."

The mountains, for the record, are closer than the ocean. Some of them are framed in the window of his office at UNLV. I ask, "What are those mountains called, anyway?"

"Names? I don't know. The Mountains. You should of asked Lois."

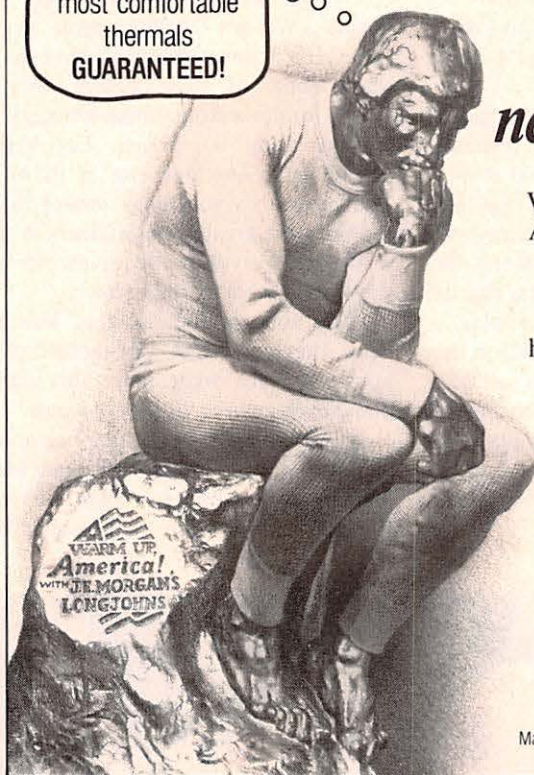
"Do you get up there much?"

He shakes his head. "I'm not into sight-seeing. To me, you get a postcard and look at it, you saved yourself some time. Basketball is absolutely the only interest I have. Nothing else. Not golf, not politics, not sight-seeing."

"But what I was saying, this town is

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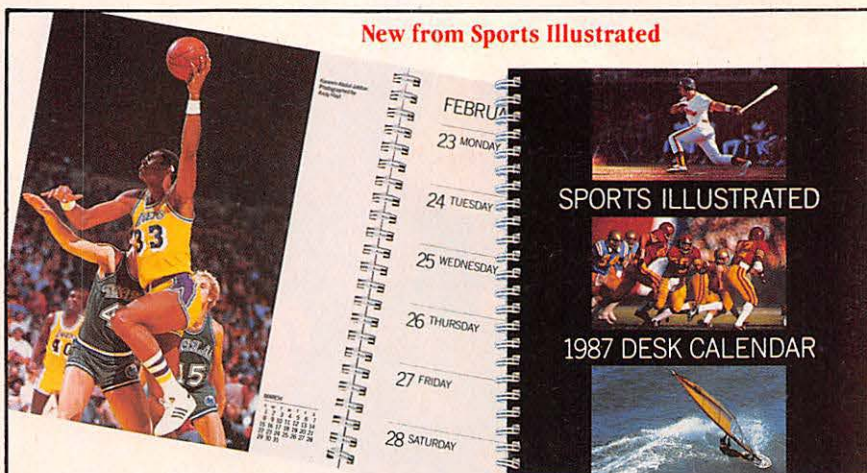
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TARKANIAN

continued

unique. Nobody charges each other for nothing. I never get charged, and I never charge anybody. In 14 years, I never charged for an appearance.

"I had coaches tell me that was bad for the profession. I don't care. Yesterday there was some big deal for child abuse. I went there, stayed five hours. I enjoyed it, I learned things. I never turn anybody down if I can help it. Except I won't play golf. I got a philosophy: If it's a charity, I'll go and drink beer, but I won't play.

"I never hired an assistant coach that had a set of golf clubs, either. It just takes too much time. I want us here for our kids. The kids see we care, they play a little harder. They win, and everybody in this town is a booster. Everybody loves the Runnin' Rebels.

"We got tickets cost more than the Lakers'. We get 16,000 people every game. It's a status thing, to have good seats. Some of those tickets, they're \$1,300 for the season. I think it's crazy.

"The thing is, though, Las Vegas doesn't have anything else of its own. You know, they got things coming in all the time, the greatest entertainers in the world, but everything else leaves after the show. UNLV is part of the town.

"No, none of the boosters' kids go here. They go to USC or Stanford. The boosters never went here, the alums didn't even go here. But they love us."

As we drive, the houses are beginning to thin out again. I ask Tarkanian what happens when the team loses. "Everything depends on winning," he says. "We

lose a game or two on the road, the building will be a third empty until we start to win again. The seats will be paid for, but we don't get the crowds when we're losing."

"Does that bother you?"

"What?"

"Well, you've got the kind of situation here that Shula has in Miami," I say. "The town loves you, but it depends on winning, on five kids you took out of junior college somewhere playing good basketball. If you lose, the town doesn't love you anymore."

"When I lose," he says, "I don't love me anymore, either. Losing just kills me."

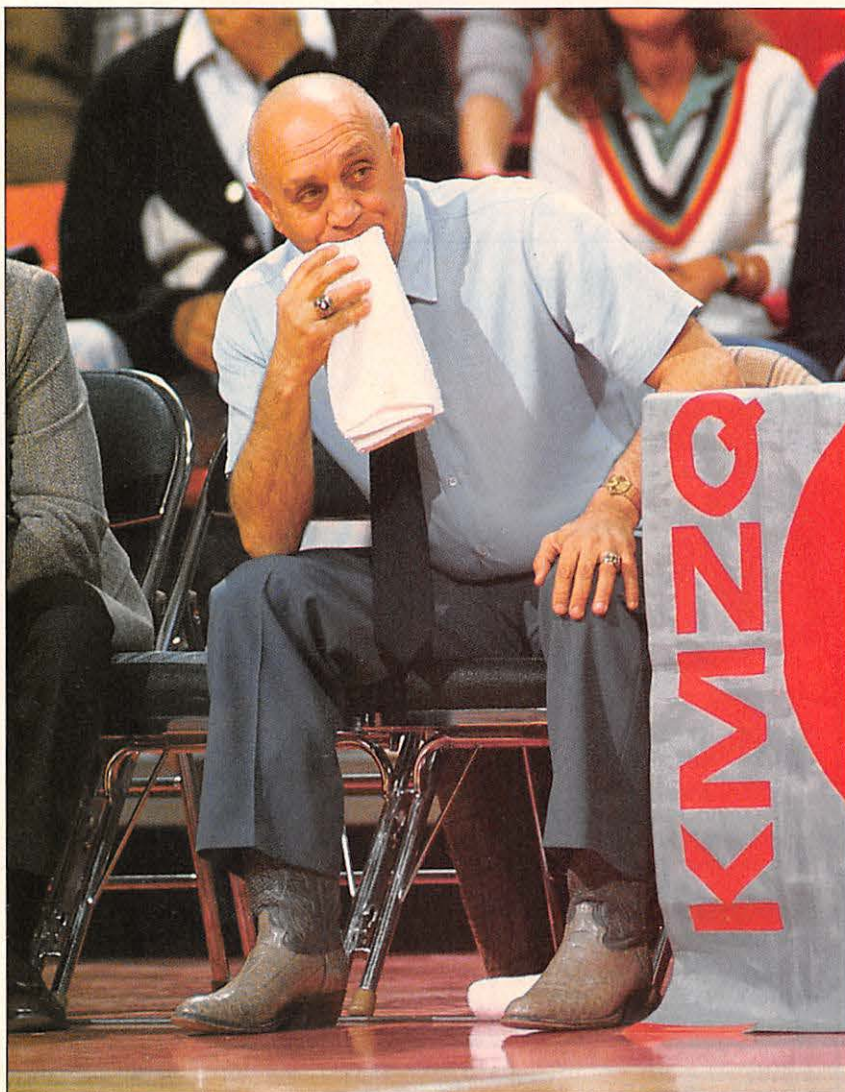
And that is probably true. Tarkanian does not lose much—among active coaches, not even Dean Smith at North Carolina is close to his winning percentage of .816 (he is 324–81 at UNLV)—but when it happens, he takes it hard. He takes the *possibility* of losing hard.

"I always think the other team is better," he says. "I always think there's a good chance we're going to lose, even when we're better.

"I never talk to the players about that, though. In all the years I've been here, I never talked about winning or losing. Before a game, I just go over the other team, talk them up if they're bad, try to give our players confidence if they're better than we are. I talk about responsibility, and I tell them there's no disgrace in losing if you don't take short cuts to get there."

"Tark is a mess before a game," a writer who has watched him over a lot of years told me. "And he's worse after a loss. He doesn't shout and blame the referees or the players, he doesn't throw things around the dressing room. I do remember watching him come in after the loss to N.C. State [in the '83 NCAAs], though. He just walked past the writers and players and dropped his forehead into the lockers. But mostly, he suffers. Tark comes from suffering people, and he does it as well as anybody."

Tarkanian will also throw away pants after a loss, and shoes and his shirt and jacket, not wanting the bad luck hiding in those clothes to visit him again. It is possible, a friend of his observed, that all across Las Vegas there are guys walking around in green-and-yellow checkered pants they got at Goodwill, wondering



For Tarkanian, each and every game spent on the Runnin' Rebel bench is a towel-biter.

why they can't get their jump shots to fall anymore.

"The worst thing you can do," Tarkanian says, looking out over the steering wheel at the mountains, "is blame your players when you lose." He looks from the mountains to the rearview mirror, then out both sides of the car.

"When you win, give them the credit. When you lose, take the blame yourself. These are kids, you're grown up. Not that it helps. Losing—you never get used to it. Every time I win, I always say something good about the other coach, because I know how he feels. I especially do that if he's taking some heat at his school.

"That's why I only hire assistant coaches that were fired someplace else. Seven of them in the last five years. You know, the NCAA tried to get me fired, and I remember that feeling. . . ."

He is looking back in the rearview mirror as he says this, shaking his head in a disappointed way. "Where the hell are we now?"

The next time I visit Jerry Tarkanian, I drive myself. It turns out you can get to the UNLV campus from downtown Las Vegas without even going out of town.

Thomas and Mack Center, in fact, where the Runnin' Rebels play home games and Tarkanian keeps his office, is only a couple of miles off the strip. It is a beautiful building and a beautiful office. On one wall are pictures of Tarkanian in the embrace of most of the famous people in the world, on another wall are pictures of Tarkanian and all of the teams he has coached at UNLV.

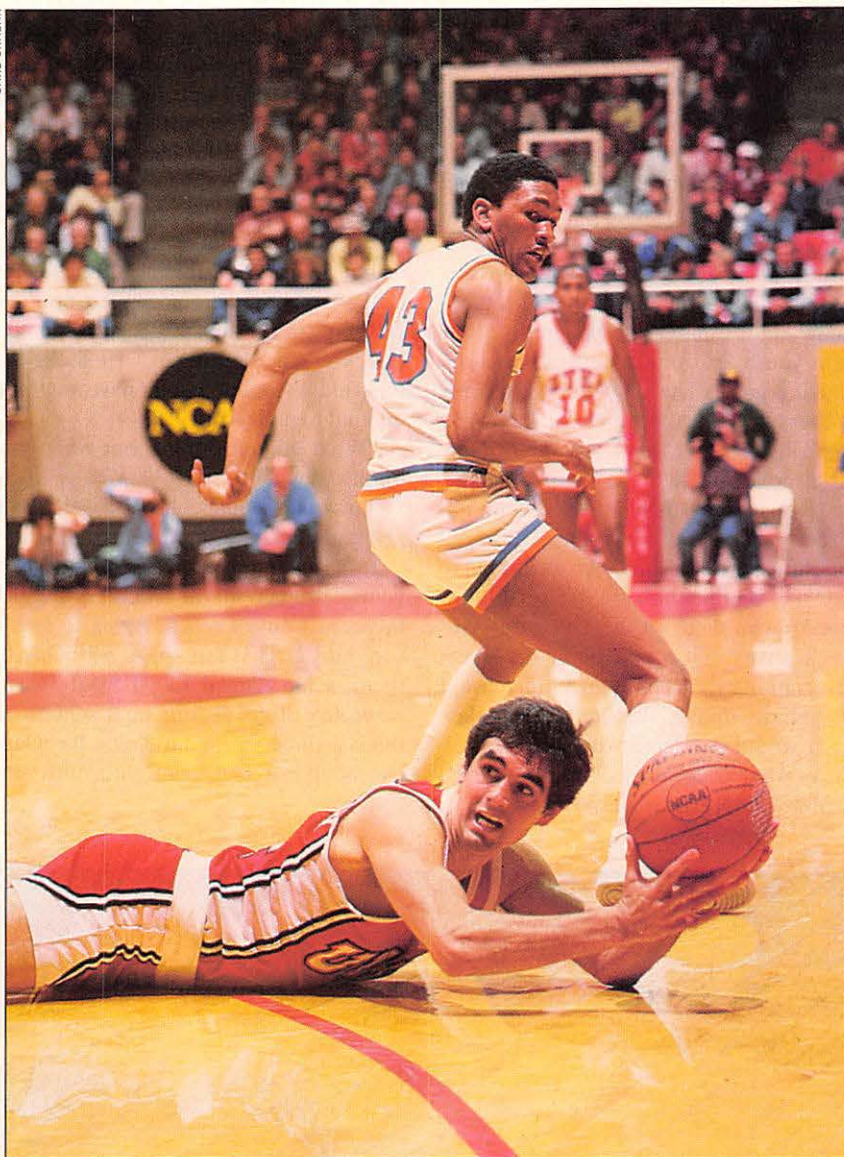
All except three, '73-74, '80-81 and '81-82.

"I hated three teams since I've been here," he says. "When I hate a team, I tell them. Not only do I not have a banquet when I hate the team, I don't put up pictures. I don't like being reminded of being around those guys."

He sits behind a large desk in designer sun glasses, looking younger than he does in any of the pictures around him. Tarkanian has a face that belongs to a hundred hitchhikers you have passed on the highway—you think about them for the next hundred miles because up close they looked so sad.

The top of the desk is arranged in a careful, symmetrical sort of way—one pencil on this side, one pencil on that

CARL SKALAK



Tarkanian's son Danny, a UNLV player who got his diploma in '84, is now a law student.

side; a note pad here, a note pad there. Jerry Tarkanian does not do his work on a desk.

He also doesn't do much of it on the road. "I don't recruit a lot," he says. "One of my assistants does that, because it drives me nuts. There's so much lying. The kids lie to you. One week he's definitely coming to UNLV, the next week he won't answer the phone.

"I got unlimited funds [to recruit] here, but I rarely bring in as many as 12 kids a year. We'll zero in on eight or 10, and try to get five." And the five he gets will, more often than not, come from junior colleges—more often than not, junior colleges Tarkanian himself got them

into because they did not have the grades necessary to make them eligible for scholarships to UNLV.

"A lot of coaches say you can't win with junior college athletes," he says. "I don't look down on them. I like junior college kids, I was one myself. I take kids nobody else will touch, and, yeah, a lot of them don't belong in Harvard.

"But basketball is instincts. The way we play the game, we get up and down the court fast, we shoot quick, play pressure defense. I'm not into passing up shots, I'm not into patience. We will try to take you out of your game, and I think we do that pretty well. Very few teams take the ball where they want it against UNLV. We

continued

TARKANIAN

continued

deny them the spot they want, we deny them the ball.

"I always try to let the kids use what they have. You give our players too much to think about, it affects their shooting."

I ask if too much thinking is what makes him hate a team.

"It's an attitude," he says. "A good attitude is something you've got to nurture. It doesn't just happen because you tell some kid it's important, you got to show him you care. I never start out a season making goals. The only thing I tell my players is, 'Play as hard as you can.' You got kids that try, that's a good attitude. They don't, you hate the team."

Back at Fresno State, Tarkanian was exactly the kind of player he likes to put on the floor now—one who would kill to win—except he does not like small, slow guards who shoot set shots from outside.

"I wasn't any good," he says, "except for running the team, playing defense. I sometimes think if I'd been a better player, I would've been a worse coach. I always wanted to be this, but only after I realized what kind of player I was."

I ask Tarkanian if he ever thinks about what he will be when he is through coaching. He looks at the ceiling of his office and then out the window at the mountains. "I got no idea whatsoever," he says. "Seven months a year, I'm going 100 miles an hour. I go home and watch television. I can't follow the plots. I go to bed at night, I'm thinking about how to beat somebody we got coming up. The first thing in the morning is, You can't do that, you'll get murdered." He looks out the window again. "I don't have anything in mind to replace it."

"What do you think about when you think about getting old?"

Tarkanian smiles at that. "I think about getting back into the Final Four."

It is not impossible. Two of the best young players in the country are out there, just out of reach, trying to find a way into UNLV (see page 60). One of them, a kid named Lloyd Daniels, has made five stops at four high schools in the last three years. Tarkanian has Daniels set up in a Southern California junior college.

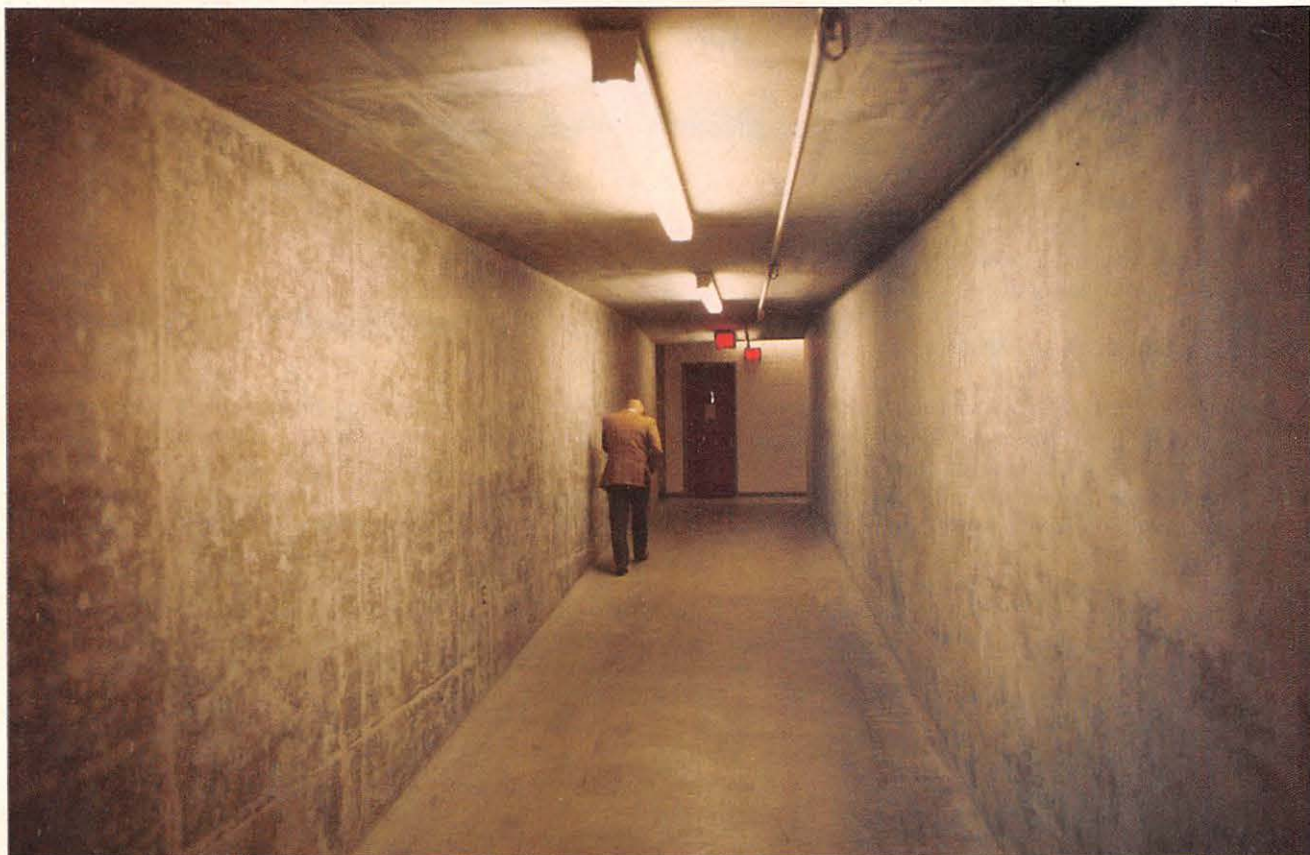
The other kid, Clifford Allen, is in a detention home in the Los Angeles area for armed robbery. "This kid's had a lot of trouble," Tarkanian says. "He was orphaned at five. He's a mess, and he's been like that since he was born. If it was you or me, who says we'd be any different? You find a way to give a kid like that a chance, who knows?"

There are a lot of people, of course, who aren't going to like that. Some of them are probably in the NCAA, some of them are probably teaching college. I know the argument—it isn't what college is for.

They may be right.

But in the end, academics isn't what's most important to Jerry Tarkanian. If it were, Jerry Tarkanian would not be one of the best-loved men in Las Vegas. If it were, Jerry Tarkanian would never have found his way out of Fresno.

But what you want to know, of course, is *how* Jerry Tarkanian found his way from Fresno to Las Vegas. And all I can tell you about that is, somebody else must have been driving. **END**



PETER READ MILLER

Whatever Tarkanian's legacy may be, his winning percentage of .816 ranks with those of Clair Bee, Adolph Rupp and John Wooden.

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ESI-R

Update

by ROBERT SULLIVAN

IT WAS A YEAR OF GLORIOUS HIGHS AND TRAGIC LOWS FOR FAR EAST TREKKERS

This has been an uneven year for adventurers seeking challenge in Asia. The major success belonged to Italy's Reinhold Messner, who at 42 stands at the pinnacle of mountaineering. Sixteen years ago Messner set out to become the first person to climb all 14 of the world's mountains higher than 8,000 meters (26,246 feet). "I am privileged because I can live out my dreams," he has said. "Most people cannot do that. They lose themselves in everyday affairs."

Messner's mission took on added significance for him when tragedy marred his very first ascent of an eight-thousander. After reaching the summit of Pa-

kistan's Nanga Parbat in 1970, Messner and his brother Günther were caught in an avalanche. Günther was lost; Reinhold searched in vain for five days, suffering frostbite, which cost him six toes. Two years later, when Messner made a successful ascent of Nepal's holy mountain, 26,781-foot Manaslu, two other partners were killed.

His crusade became a race when in 1979 Polish climber Jerzy Kukuczka began chasing Messner to the elusive goal of 14. By this past July, Kukuczka had reached 11 summits, Messner 12. In September Messner and fellow Italian Hans Kammerlander picked up the pace and scaled Makalu in Nepal and China, the world's fifth-highest peak at 27,824 feet. Only neighboring Lhotse, the fourth-highest at 27,923 feet in the Himalayas, remained.

During three days in October Messner, again climbing with Kammerlander, achieved his ultimate dream. "We were lucky," he said. "The wind blowing from down below and pushing us towards the summit was a decisive factor. The elements decided to be kind to me."

The elements were less kind to two groups of Americans who trekked to Asia this year. In June nine veteran mountain climbers left San Francisco for the People's Republic of China and a planned 40-day ascent of the highest peak in the northwestern Himalayas, 25,325-foot Mount Kongur. They hoped to be the first Americans to reach the summit—a British team did it in 1981—and they agreed to be subjects of social-psychological and neuropsychological testing. The expedition was historic for another reason: They were the first all-woman team ever to climb in mainland China.

The women returned home in August, having failed to reach the top of Kongur because of illness and heavy snows—but the adventure was not without its accomplishments. Three members, including team leader Kathleen Giel of Albany, Calif., who had obtained approval from the Chinese government for the climb and helped raise the \$65,000 to fund it, made it almost 21,000 feet up Kongur. The climbers were able to take part in

the planned scientific research and shot film footage of their trek. A few said the physical and emotional strain of the experience—the women knew that all three members of a Japanese team had died on a similar climb in 1981—had made them more philosophical about life. Giel said the expedition had also "opened up doors in exchanges with China and for women."

While the would-be Kongur conquerors fell short of their goal, they had more success than the other group of Americans. Eleven rafters led by Ken Warren of Portland, Ore., arrived in late July at the source of the Yangtze, hoping to be the first to navigate a vicious 1,973-mile stretch of the upper river. The trip was ill-starred from the outset: On Aug. 3 an expedition photographer, David Shippee of Boise, Idaho, died of acute mountain sickness complicated by pneumonia. He was buried at 14,000 feet on a serene promontory above the river. Twelve days later four rafters who had been feuding with Warren left the expedition. "It was like the Caine Mutiny," said William Atwood, one of those who departed.

The adventurers pressed on toward the city of Yibin, but on Aug. 28, after having traveled 1,000 miles, one raft was ripped apart in ferocious rapids, the three others were damaged, and the expedition was stranded. Paul Sharpe of Aspen, Colo., volunteered to get help. After two days he was discovered by Tibetans who helped him trek three more days over a 15,000-foot mountain pass to the town of Batang. Four days after Sharpe left, Warren set out alone on foot to seek help, according to Ancil Nance, one of the remaining crew members. Nance and the rest of the party continued downriver in the damaged boats but gave it up after about 20 miles. A rescue party of Chinese horsemen dispatched by Sharpe met the group on Sept. 11 and evacuated them overland to Batang, where they were reunited with Warren.

Warren wanted to go on, but the crew realized it was useless to continue. "We've run out of time," said Warren's wife, Jan, as the expedition was aborted. "We have no oarsmen. . . . We are extremely disappointed about the outcome of the entire trip."

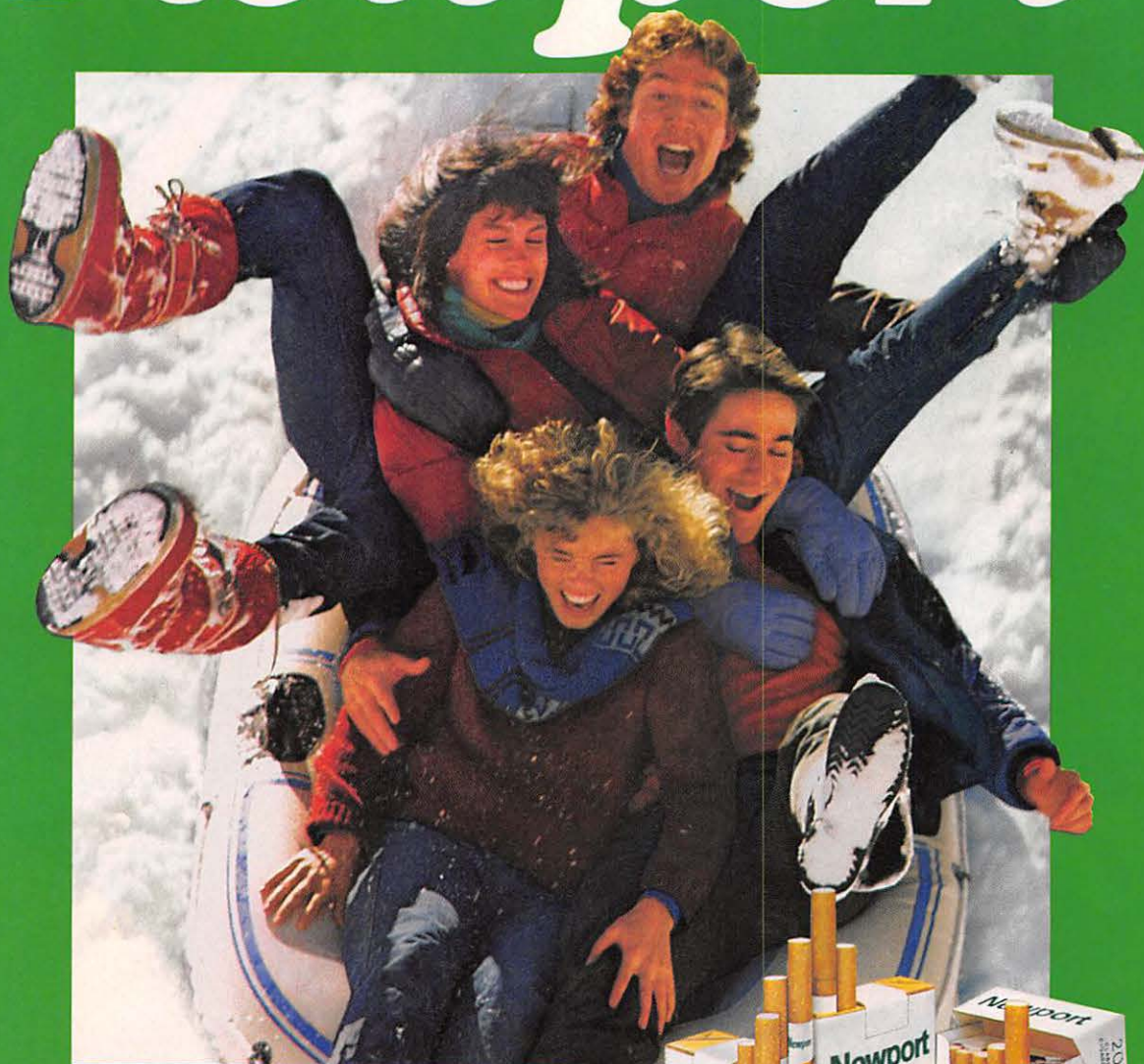
Many people travel to remote Asia to live out their dreams each year. In the year now ending, Messner stands out as the one who succeeded.

END



Messner is now undisputed king of the summits.

Alive with pleasure! **Newport**

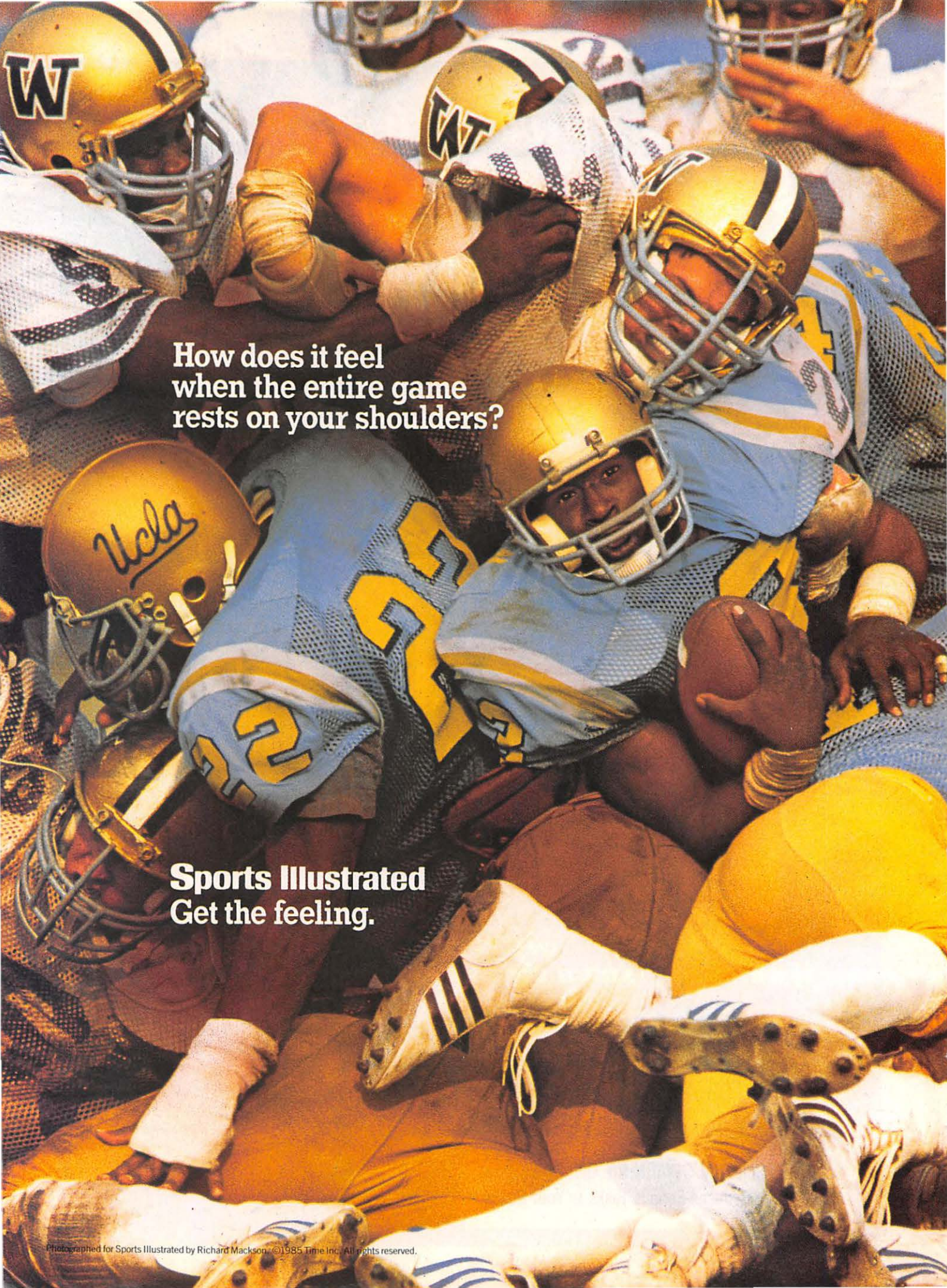


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NAC 4



MNI/3M

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Nov. 24-30

Compiled by AMY LENNARD

PRO BASKETBALL—There were no surprises in the East this week, as the Celtics beat the Knicks 101-90 and notched their 48th straight home win, against San Antonio, 111-96. Boston's only loss was a 102-100 game to the 76ers. Charles Barkley starred for Philadelphia in a 116-112 victory over Portland, leading the 76ers in points (31), rebounds (21), assists (8) and blocked shots (7). The Hawks stayed atop the Central Division with a 113-107 win against the Lakers, Atlanta's first victory in the Forum in eight years, and a 97-88 decision over the Jazz. Sandwiched between those games was a 120-106 loss to the Suns. Even Michael Jordan's combined 118 points couldn't keep the Bulls from losing to the Nuggets 109-107, the Lakers 110-103 and the Warriors 113-106. In that Denver game, guard Lafayette (Fat) Lever had a victory-clinching reverse layup at the buzzer. In the Midwest, the Mavericks, who've won seven of their last eight, moseyed their way to the top past the slumping Jazz (0-4) by beating them 118-107, the Kings 129-117 and the Nets 119-94. In the Pacific Division, the Lakers rebounded from their loss to the Hawks with three wins, 126-93 and 137-115 over the Clippers and the defeat of the Bulls. Sneaking up on the first-place Lakers were the Warriors, who moved into second after defeating Utah 111-106. Sacramento 103-97 and Chicago. And in Milwaukee, the Bucks downed the Bulls 122-103 to give coach Don Nelson his 500th career victory, a milestone he reached in 817 games, faster than any of his 10 predecessors in the 500-win department.

BOWLING—DAVE FERRARO of Kingston, N.Y., won \$27,000 and his first PBA championship with a 254-221 victory over John Gant, in Columbus, Ohio.

FIGURE SKATING—KATARINA WITT of East Germany won the women's title at the International Free Skating Competition in Tokyo, while ANGELO D'AGOSTINO of the U.S. was the men's winner.

PRO FOOTBALL—On Thanksgiving Day the Cowboys were turned into turkeys by the Seahawks, 31-14, when Seattle scored on all four of its first-half possessions. Earlier that day the Packers beat the Lions 44-40. The Bears clinched their third straight NFC Central crown when Kevin Butler connected on a 42-yard FG at 3:55 into OT to edge the Steelers 13-10 (page 20). It was a similar scenario in Cleveland, where newly acquired Mark Moseley booted a 29-yarder with :16 left in OT for a 13-10 win over Houston. The Browns thus gained sole possession of first place in the AFC Central. Denver widened its AFC West lead as John Elway fired three TDs to down the Bengals 34-28. The Raiders were upset by Philadelphia 33-27 on a one-yard QB sneak by Randall Cunningham at 8:07 of OT. The Redskins locked up a home wild-card berth with a 20-17 squeaker over the Cardinals on Max Zendejas's 27-yard field goal with :04 on the clock. The Skins retained at least a share of the NFC East lead with the Giants, who played on Monday. In a showdown between two of the AFC and NFC front-runners, the Jets, coming off a 45-3 Monday night rout by the Dolphins, were beaten by the Rams 17-3. Eric Dickerson rushed for 107 yards and scored his 55th career TD, tying a club record set by Elroy (Crazy Legs) Hirsch from 1949 to '57. The Jets were joined atop the AFC East by the Patriots, who beat the Saints 21-20 when Mosi Tatupu picked up a blocked punt with 3:51 left and ran it in for a lead they never relinquished. The Bills ended a 22-game road losing streak with a 17-14 defeat of the Chiefs. Elsewhere, Atlanta unraveled Miami 20-14; Minnesota's Wade Wilson passed for 339 yards and three TDs in a 45-13 win over Tampa Bay; and San Diego subdued the Colts 17-3.

HOCKEY—It was business as usual for most of the front-runners. League-leading goalie (15 wins) Ron Hextall kept the Flyers on top in the Patrick Division with wins over Montreal 4-2, Washington 4-2 and the Islanders 6-5. Quebec dropped a 4-2 game to the Rangers but defeated Washington 4-3 and Montreal 2-1 to take first place in the Adams from the Habs, who went winless for the week. Toronto stayed atop the Norris despite going one for four—a 3-1 win over Detroit, a 3-2 loss to Boston and back-to-back losses to Minnesota, 6-3 and 7-2.

In the Smythe, Edmonton had a pair of 6-5 losses, to Chicago and Calgary. Calgary's Paul Reinhart scored his first career hat trick and his 100th career goal, against Edmonton. The Oilers won one battle with a 4-3 win over Winnipeg but lost the war when the Jets moved into sole possession of first after beating Calgary 4-3 and Vancouver 6-3. Petri Skriko, playing for the last-place Canucks in the tough Smythe Division, had a hat trick in a 5-3 win over the Kings, his third three-goaler in five games. Another cellar-dweller, Washington, in the equally tough Patrick Division, skated to a 2-2 tie with Boston to extend its unbeaten OT streak to 30 games, second in NHL history to the Bruins' 37, set from 1934 to '38.

SKIING—In Park City, Utah, MICHAELA GERG of West Germany won a World Cup women's giant slalom race, while CORINNE SCHMIDHAUSER of Switzerland finished first in the slalom (page 38). In Sestriere, Italy, INGEMAR STENMARK, 30, of Sweden won a World Cup men's slalom race and RICHARD PRAMOTTON of Italy was the giant slalom winner.

WATER POLO—STANFORD beat Cal 9-6 for the NCAA title, in Long Beach, Calif.

MILEPOSTS—FIRED: As coach of the New York Knicks, HUBIE BROWN, 53, who had a 4-12 record this season and was 104-202 in five seasons. He was replaced by his assistant of two years, Bob Hill, 38.

As coach of the 0-13 Indianapolis Colts, ROD DOWHOWER, 43. His two-year record with the team was 5-24. He was replaced by former New England coach Ron Meyer, 45.

As football coach of the University of Texas, FRED AKERS, 48, who had a 5-6 record for '86, the Longhorns' first losing season in 30 years. Akers was 86-31-2 in 10 seasons (page 42).

NAMED: As football coach of the University of Wisconsin, DON MORTON, 39, who had held that position at Tulsa for the past two years. He succeeds interim coach Jim Hiles.

As National League Rookie of the Year by the Baseball Writers Association of America, St. Louis Cardinal reliever TODD WORRELL, 27, who led the league with 36 saves and had a 2.08 earned run average; and as American League Rookie of the Year, Oakland A's outfielder JOSE CANSECO, 22, who had 33 home runs and 117 RBIs.

As manager of the Minnesota Twins, TOM KELLY, 36. He had served on an interim basis after Ray Miller was fired on Sept. 12.

As coach of the New York Rangers, minor league coach TOM WEBSTER, 38. Rangers general manager Phil Esposito had been coaching the team on an interim basis following the firing of Ted Sator on Nov. 21.

RESIGNED: As Dartmouth football coach, JOE YUKICA, whose nine-year record with the school was 36-47-4, including 3-6-1 for this season. After being fired last year, Yukica sued the school and was reinstated for the final year of his contract.

As LSU football coach, at season's end, BILL ARNSPARGER, 59, who in three seasons with the Tigers had a 26-7-2 record, including three bowl berths. LSU was 9-2 this season and won the SEC title.

As University of Maryland football coach, BOBBY ROSS, 50, effective Jan. 14, after a 5-5-1 season. In five years Ross led the Terps to a 39-19-1 record, including three straight ACC titles.

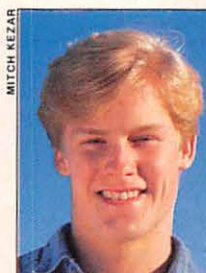
RETIRED: Buffalo Sabre center GIL PERREAULT, 36, after 17 seasons with the team. The eight-time All-Star had announced his retirement after last season, but 12 weeks later he rejoined the club.

TRADED: By the Pittsburgh Pirates, pitcher RICK RHODEN, 33, to the New York Yankees as part of a six-player swap. Rhoden, who was 15-12 with a 2.84 ERA last season, was sent to the Yankees along with relief pitchers CECILIO GUANTE, 26, and PAT CLEMENTS, 24, in exchange for pitchers DOUG DRABEK, 24, BRIAN FISHER, 24, and minor leaguer LOGAN EASLEY, 25.

DIED: NFL Hall of Fame quarterback BOBBY LAYNE, 59, after a long illness; in Lubbock, Texas. Layne, an All-America at Texas, spent most of his 15-year pro career with the Detroit Lions (1950-58) and Pittsburgh Steelers (1958-62), leading the Lions to NFL championships in 1952, 1953 and 1957.

FACES IN THE CROWD

MICHAEL KEZAR



LEIF CARLSON
BLOOMINGTON, MINN.

Leif, a 16-year-old junior at Kennedy High, won the state boys' all-around gymnastics title with a record 55.2 score and finished first in all six individual events: the pommel horse, still rings, parallel bars, horizontal bar, floor exercise and vault.

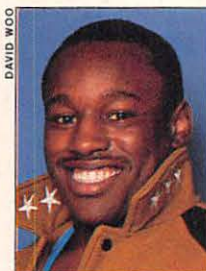
MARIANNE THOMAS



NANCY DOYLE
SAN ANTONIO

Doyle, 32, a physical therapist who competed in the 30-34 grand masters age group, won her second straight gold medal in the solo event at the Synchronized Swimming Masters National Championships, held in Fort Lauderdale.

DAVID WOOD



MICHAEL WHITE
DALLAS

Michael, a 6-foot, 220-pound senior linebacker at Pinkston High, had 34 tackles and three fumble recoveries in a 7-6 loss to University High of Waco. He also scored Pinkston's only touchdown in the game when he returned a blocked punt 46 yards.

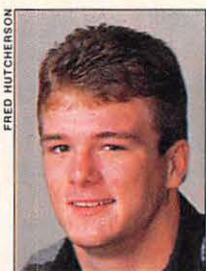
JENNY MOLLOY



JENNY MOLLOY
CINCINNATI

Jenny, a senior tri-captain on the Turpin High girls' soccer team, had one assist in a 2-1 state title-game victory over Centerville. Jenny, who moved to Ohio from Plano, Texas, helped lead Plano High to last season's Texas state title.

FRED HUTCHERSON



ADAM DACH
BYRON, ILL.

Adam, a senior running back at Byron High, established state records for single-game rushing yardage and rushing TDs when he ran for 495 yards and 8 touchdowns on 26 carries in a 53-0 win over Pecatonica. His longest TD run was a 58-yarder.

DUSTIN COONFIELD



DUSTIN COONFIELD
SLAIDA, CALIF.

Dustin, 14, won the U.S. amateur stock odyssey class all-terrain vehicle title event at the American Association Grand Nationals in San Antonio. Dustin, who has been racing for just one year, beat 22 drivers in the competition.

Edited by GAY FLOOD

PORTRAIT OF KNIGHT

Sir:

John Feinstein's article on Indiana coach Bob Knight in your 1986-87 College Basketball special issue ("You Love Him, And You Hate Him", Nov. 19) was one of the best pieces I have ever read. I grew up surrounded by Indiana basketball. My parents, grandparents, aunts, uncles and friends all attended Indiana and are all fanatics about Hoosier basketball. Knight might not get the job done in the prettiest way, but he definitely gets it done effectively. Feinstein is right in saying "You love him, and you hate him." I love to watch Knight coach, but his behavior tends to cause the public to lose respect for him.

Incidentally, how could you possibly rank Purdue ahead of Indiana?

GARY WEISS
Scottsdale, Ariz.

Sir:

Bob Knight has changed my view of basketball. Watching him coach at Indiana proved to me that aggressive man-to-man defense can be as exciting as 100-point games. He has shown, too, that a program with unyielding integrity can be a winning program. Unfortunately, he also has made players who love basketball fear the wrath of a man whose mood swings exceed those of my two-year-old.

BRUCE SMITH
Fullerton, Calif.

Sir:

There are printable words that apply to Bob Knight's behavior: shocking, scandalous, contemptible, despicable, disgusting and loathsome!

RALPH PETERS
Encinitas, Calif.

COURTING CHANGE

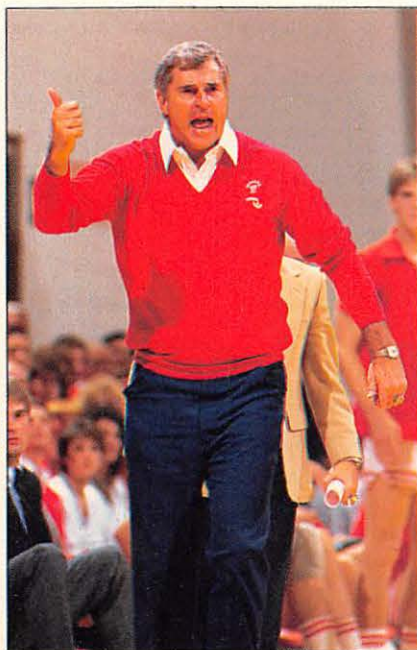
Sir:

Bravo! As a 6-foot, high school guard, I applaud Jack McCallum's intriguing analysis *The Incredible Shrinking Court* (Nov. 3). I agree that increasing the size of the court and widening the three-second lane are much-needed changes in the NBA. While I enjoy dunks as much as the next guy, I like to see a little effort and imagination put into them. Big men have almost become the most important part of the game, but equally important is the passing that leads to the basket. A larger court would bring the game back to the guards, who, I feel, are the most talented players in the game.

JEFF ALDERMAN
Berkley, Mich.

Sir:

McCallum makes a strong case for wide-open basketball. Just imagine great athletes



Indiana's Knight brooks no failures—from anyone.

like Julius Erving or Moses Malone playing in a fast-break league. This league might even consistently use the three-point shot to neutralize defenses. Wait a minute... wasn't that the ABA? Dust off the beach balls!

FRANK BREHM
Wheaton, Ill.

Sir:

All the NBA game needs is some common sense. First, have *all* shots (including dunks) that are made in the lane count *one* point. Second, move the three-point line in to 20 feet. Third, legalize the zone defense or any defense a coach wants to employ. This will significantly diminish the role of the big man.

JERRY D. SMITH
Dallas

Sir:

One option that was not mentioned: Instead of altering the height of the basket, make contact with the rim a foul. This would force all players to "shoot" the ball instead of smashing it through the basket.

ROBERT SCHWALENBURG
Haddonfield, N.J.

Sir:

All those heavy thinkers overlook the most obvious, easiest solution. Have the officials call the game according to the rules as *written*. The game would open up again and be less like a rugby scrum.

JAMES E. ATKINSON
Hastings, Mich.

SPORTSMEN AND SPORTSWOMEN

Sir:

My sporting cap is off to Bobby Rahal, Nigel Mansell, Pat Bradley, Don Mattingly, Larry Bird, Patrick Roy, Roger Clemens et al. They have each had a very good year. But in this reader's opinion, if Greg Norman is not your Sportsman of the Year—in every sense of the word—I believe an error in judgment will have been made.

As summer approaches Down Under, Norman is not the focus of the American media, but he is still on his incredible roll, having put together a total of 10 tournament victories for the year, including four on the Australian tour.

PATRICK K. CORBIN
Raleigh, N.C.

Sir:

The Chicago Bulls' Michael Jordan. Although he has a \$3 million-plus annual income, he still felt it important to complete his education. Like James Worthy before him, Jordan worked hard during the off-seasons and this year was awarded his degree from North Carolina.

Even though he could have received his salary simply by sitting out the remainder of last season following his injury, he challenged management's and doctors' orders not to play and returned to the game, lifting his team into the playoffs. He then went on to set a playoff scoring record against the eventual champion Boston Celtics.

His great attitude, ability, personality and desire make Jordan the perfect Sportsman.

CHRIS SCHUYLER
Orange Park, Fla.

Sir:

Michael Jack Schmidt. At the age of 37 and in his 15th season, the Phillies' third baseman put together perhaps his finest season (.290 batting average; 37 homers; 119 RBIs) without fanfare or controversy. It is obvious that Schmidt knows why he is out there: to play his game with excellence.

DEAN H. DUSINBERRE
Boiling Springs, Pa.

Sir:

Walter Payton is arguably the most complete football player ever to play the game. One of modern sports' few true class acts deserves the award.

JIM BOTTORFF
Speedway, Ind.

Sir:

After I read Jaime Diaz's wonderful report on the comeback of Joe Montana (*A Little Miracle By The Bay*, Nov. 17), it became clear to me that with such a rare combination

continued

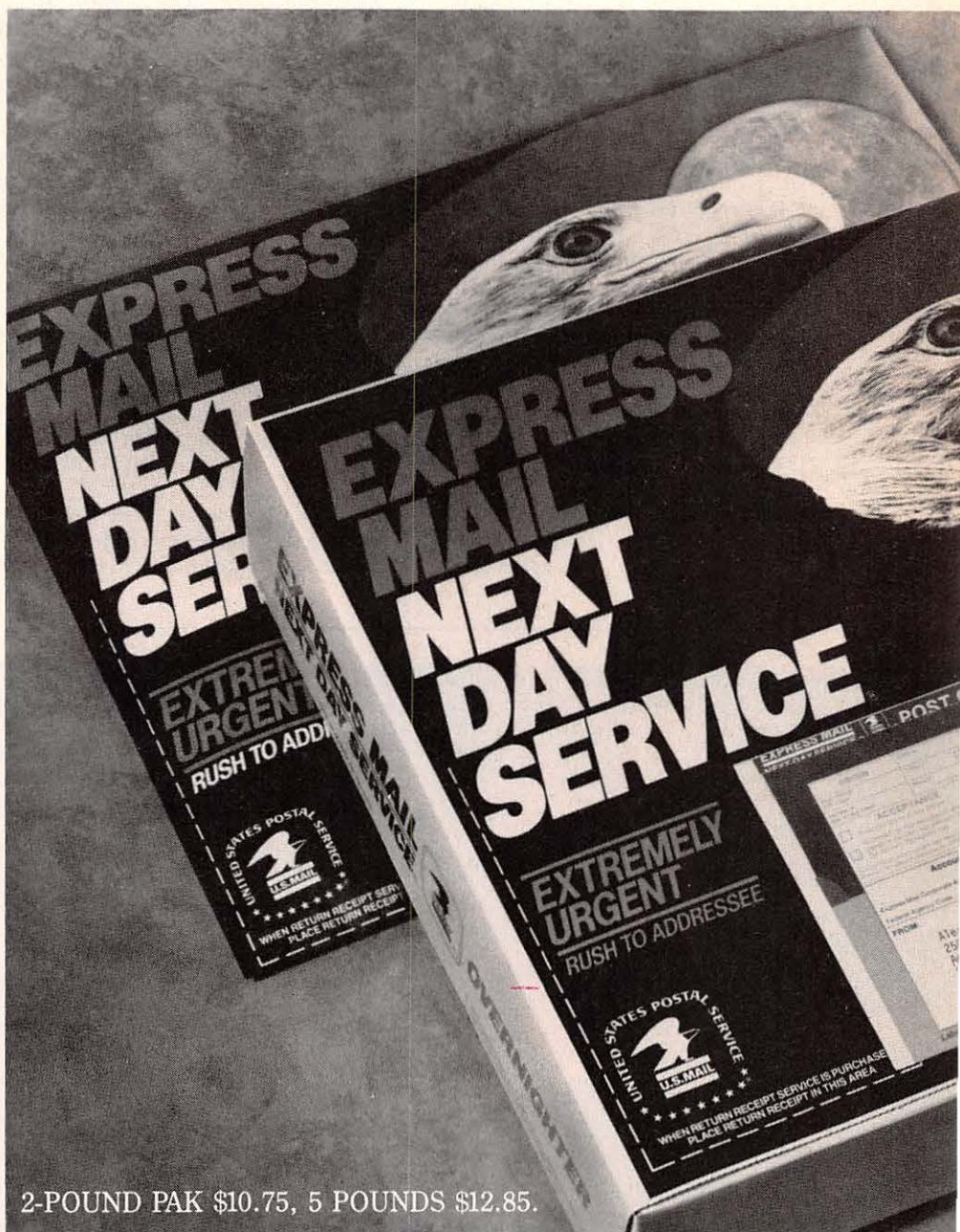
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DENNIS F. MURPHY
Malibu, Calif.

Sir:
Steve Largent.

MARK KUHNKE
Springfield, Ill.

Sir:
Greg LeMond. In 1986 he took on one of the toughest Tours de France in memory and beat a tenacious legend, Bernard Hinault.

CORRIE HAHN
Helena, Mont.

Sir:
Diego Maradona.

RANDY BYRD
Covington, Ky.

Sir:
While watching this year's American League Championship Series, I was enthralled by the Boston Red Sox' amazing comeback. They were terrific. In the 1985-86 NFL season, the Patriots were awesome, second only to the Bears; the Bruins made the 1986 Stanley Cup playoffs; and the Celtics were kings of the NBA. For Sportsmen of the Year 1986, I suggest Boston's teams.

HOLLISTER BUNDY
Concord, Mass.

LAKER FAN (CONT.)

Sir:

As an avid Laker and Jack Nicholson fan, I thoroughly enjoyed Rick Reilly's article (*Wild In The Seats*, Nov. 3). Nicholson is an absolute nut when it comes to the Lakers, and he's just as much a part of the game as a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar skyhook or a Magic Johnson pass. I go crazy every time I see him whoop it up at the Forum, and I consider myself definite "Nicholson Youth" material. Heck, I like to watch Jack cheer on the Lakers and taunt the Celtics more than I like watching the Laker Girls—well, not quite. Still, Jack is one of a kind and both the movie industry and the game of basketball would be lost without him.

DONALD MARQUEZ
San Leandro, Calif.

Sir:

While reading Reilly's story about an incredibly cool Jack Nicholson, I found myself laughing aloud on the subway, which made people ask, "What's so funny?" The article was your most amusing to date.

DENISE RANDOLPH
New York City

Sir:

What a vicarious thrill to see Jack Nicholson's efforts in movies and in life further elucidated by Rick Reilly. And thanks for letting

us see this hero once again put life in proper perspective—with a grin.

ROBERT G. HEARTSILL
Ames, Iowa

Sir:

After reading about Nicholson, I now know why I never liked him. How about sticking to interesting people, like Larry Bird or the Celtics? They are worth reading about. (Never mind that I wear green underwear.)

CHRIS BAKER
Stanley, N.C.

Sir:

Wouldn't 10 pages of a prominent national sports publication have been better spent on NBA royalty than on the court jester?

NICK GRECO
Boulder, Colo.

Sir:

I always thought the name of your magazine was *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, not *JERKS ILLUSTRATED*. What a waste of space.

MARTIN BLANK
Rolla, Mo.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, *SPORTS ILLUSTRATED*, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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not lips.

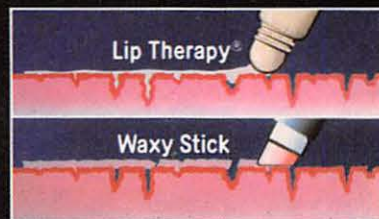


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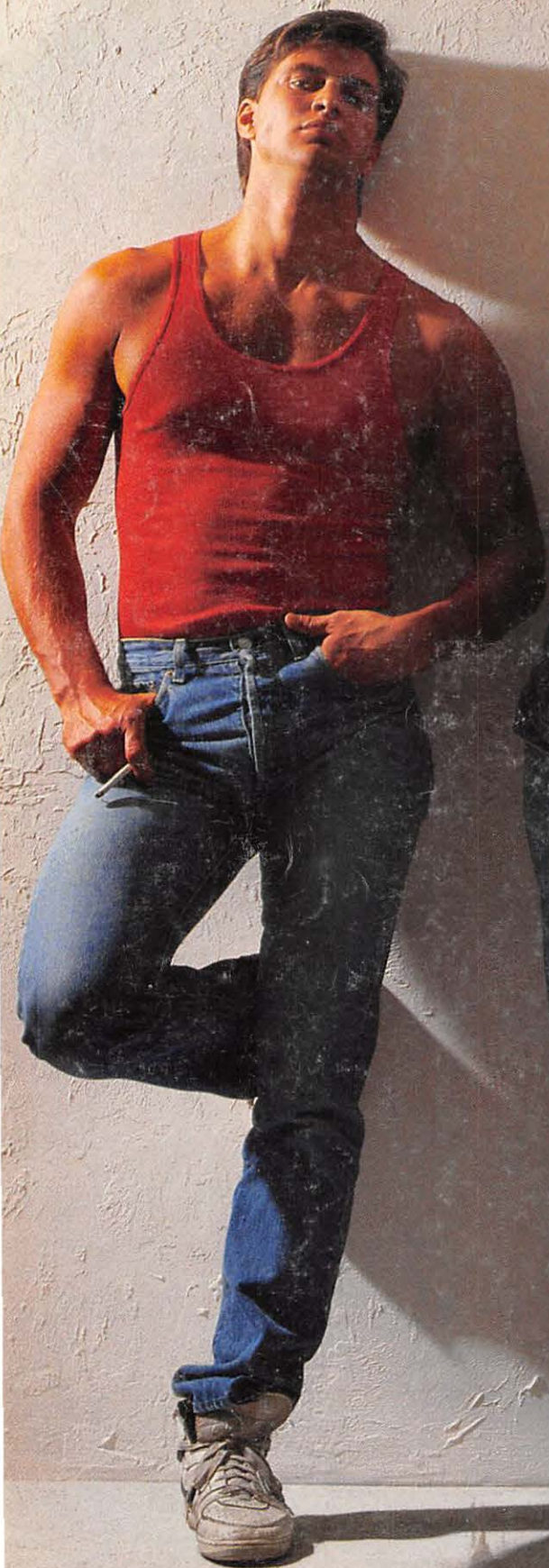
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